



ST. MEINRAD, INDIANA, U. S. A.

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REV. EDWARD BERHEIDE, O.S.B., Business Manager.

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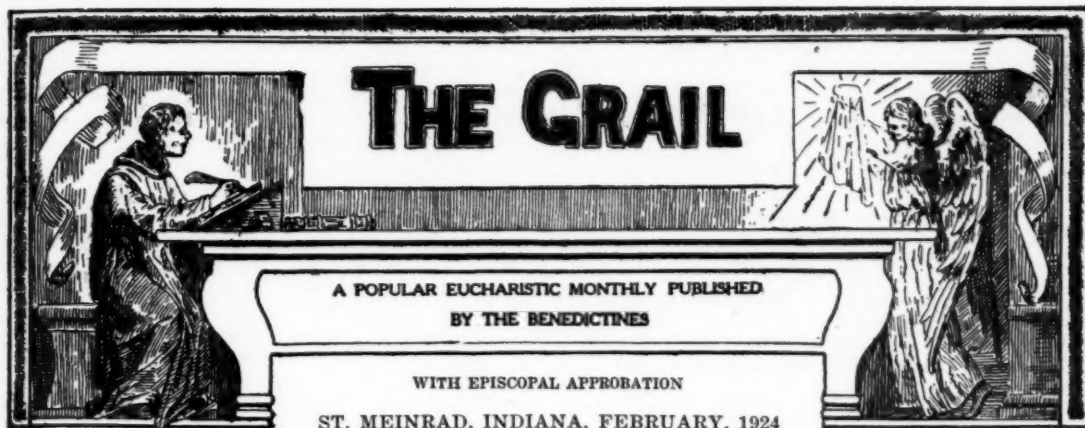
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OBITUARY

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Official Organ of the INTERNATIONAL EUCHARISTIC LEAGUE FOR THE UNION OF CHRISTENDOM

Let Your Light Shine

If we have been made one with Christ, His desires should be ours too. When in solemn prayer to His Eternal Father He expressed the desire that all should be one with Him, as He and the Father were one, so should that same desire animate us. He not only prayed that this might come to pass, but He suffered a most cruel death that all might believe and be united with Him one day in heaven.

If we are one with Christ in faith, are our wills conformed to His? Do we join Him in the prayer that all may be one? Do we by the integrity of our lives give evidence that we are Christians and followers of Christ? If the light of faith illumines our interior, does the light of good example, of charitable deeds, of zeal for the salvation of our fellow men, shine forth in our daily lives? A good Christian life is a powerful magnet for drawing men to Christ and bringing them into His Church. Many a one owes his conversion, next to the grace of God, to the good example of some faithful Catholic who would not permit even very great difficulties to prevent him from attending Mass on Sundays and holy days. If, on the contrary, you betray Christ by your bad example, and some do not find the Church because of your infidelity, do you not think that for the loss of these souls you will be held accountable?

But besides good example, prayer is needed for gaining souls to Christ. A very simple, yet powerful means to accomplish the wish of Christ is found in the International Eucharistic League for the Union of Christendom, which has for its threefold object: (1) union and harmony among the Catholics of the whole world, for charity begins at home; (2) the return of all non-Catholics to unity with the See of Peter; (3) the conversion of all non-Christians—Jews, heathens, Mohammedans, who number by far the greater part of mankind.

All that is required of the members of the I. E. L. is a short prayer offered each day, an occasional Mass

attended and Holy Communion offered up for the threefold intention of the League. There is no appeal to the pocket book for collections, fees, or dues. For the defraying of the ordinary expenses, however, a small alms is acceptable at the time of admission. But this is not obligatory. For membership apply to the editor **THE GRAIL**.

A Centenary

Wonderful is God in His saints. It is the grace of God that operates in each of His saints, yet to all appearances the manifestation of this operation is different in almost every case. Some are called to sanctity in a hidden life; others labor among men by preaching the Word of Christ, or by ministering to the afflicted. Still others are to sanctify themselves by suffering, not for a few days, or a few months, but for a lifetime. To this latter class belongs the servant of God Anne Catherine Emmerick, who was singled out by Providence as an instrument of benediction for her country and her time, which was torn asunder by heresies that threatened to disrupt even the Church. For many years she was fastened to a bed of pain. But so intimate was her union with God that she was favored, as few others have been, by the impression upon her body of the sacred stigmata, the imprint of the wounds of the Savior's hands and feet and side. Neither did her head escape the crown of thorns. For years, especially on Fridays, these wounded members bled profusely. Though always suffering intensely, she was always absorbed in prayer. Through the sanctity of her life, her wise counsels, and the efficacy of her prayers, she drew down untold blessings upon her countrymen and helped the Church to triumph over its enemies. February ninth marks the hundredth anniversary of her transition from death to life eternal. The cause of beatification is in progress; Bishops have appealed to the Holy See to introduce this cause. The faithful should beg God to glorify this His servant even before men.

TIMELY OBSERVATIONS

HILARY DEJEAN, O. S. B.

What is Heresy?

Newspapers these days are filling columns over the heated controversy existing in several Protestant denominations. Again one sees the logical outcome of private interpretation, by which any Protestant may make of revealed religion what he wishes. Some of the doctrines evolved by these insurgent "Modernists," though laughable, represent no doubt their own honest convictions. And who is to decide whether they be right or wrong? Who is to say what is orthodox and what heretical? Only *one* governing body has been declared by Christ to be infallible in matters of faith and morals, and it may be noted that that body has never relinquished this prerogative from the time of Christ to the present day. May we not cherish the hope that this controversy will eventually lead many of these earnest seekers for truth to that source of infallible authority, our own Catholic Church?

Virgin Birth and Immaculate Conception

It was very amusing to read the presentation of this Protestant controversy by a certain newspaper. After showing that the divines in question were much disagreed as to whether Christ was born of a virgin miraculously—which is the doctrine of Scripture and of the Church—or was born according to the ordinary laws of nature, the writer goes on to review the history of this controversy in past ages. But to get information, he must have consulted an encyclopedia, not about the virgin birth, but about the Immaculate Conception, making the one synonymous with the other, for it is of the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception he speaks as of the virgin birth of Christ. He tells us that the dispute was settled by Pius IX in 1854, but says in conclusion that it is breaking out again now in the twentieth century. Confusion worse confounded!

Blind Leaders

On the same controversy, one of our Indiana papers had an editorial which for self-contradiction and unbelief in things divine, outclasses anything we have yet read on the subject. It says that we should not worry. "The church" has been torn with controversy many times ere this in the last 1900 years. Then he proceeds to tell us that no matter what we believe or do not believe: "You may believe in the Virgin birth or not; in the Trinity or not, in a literal hell or heaven or neither or both, in the second coming of Christ or not, in the literal inspiration of the scriptures or not, in the

apostolic succession or not, in the angelic host or not, in transubstantiation or not. You may believe in the so-called Divinity of Christ or not. But if you are trying to live in accordance with Christ's teachings and are sorry when you have failed, you belong to the church....And that's about all there is to it."

Just think of it! What comment can one make on such a hodgepodge, but to deny absolutely all that this editor has written as being contrary to the express revelation of Almighty God and of His Divine Son Jesus Christ. Let our readers make an act of faith when they read such stuff.

More Confusion

A certain Sunday paper has lately been carrying a series of articles on marriage. One writer advocates the breaking down of social and religious lines in choosing a mate, and demands that our young people "marry fearlessly" in this regard. Of course it is rank nonsense for a Democrat to bar his daughter from marrying a Republican, just because he is a Republican; but it is far from nonsense for a Catholic father to forbid his daughter to marry a Protestant. Convictions in politics are matters that may remain subjective, and may not affect the fundamentals of love and union; but religious convictions have to do with fundamentals. All else may be given up, but sincere religion cannot be given up. Hence, love which demands the union of minds and hearts on all things, especially things more basic and cherished, necessarily demands oneness of religion. Sensual and sentimental attraction quickly wears off with the daily grind of life's problems. The deep and well-founded union, which finds its special support in oneness of religion, is the only union and love that can withstand years of wedded life. One needs only cite the sad outcome of four out of every five mixed marriages to prove this palpable point.

A Growing Monster

The unnatural crime of birth-control is still spreading. The position of the Catholic Church on this point is perfectly clear. Now, many Catholics, hearing and reading the finely spun arguments of eugenicists for the "betterment of the race," ask if the Church will not mitigate its firm laws regarding the use of marriage. An article in "America" answers the question fully. The Church cannot change this law, because it is a law of nature, and even God will not change His fixed laws of nature. The Church can change only those laws which she has made, such as that of fasting on certain days. But she cannot change the laws of nature and of God. And in the meantime the Author of these laws continues to sanction His Sixth Commandment even in this life by showing that the best families are the large families, and that those mothers retain longest their youth and attractiveness who bring forth willingly the children that God gives them.

Why Wait?

A sign in front of a Des Moines non-Catholic church reads: A hearse is a poor vehicle to come to church in. Why Wait? If Catholics wait as long as that, they ride in a hearse, perhaps;—but not to their church.

A Reader Asks

If a man has led a sinful life and has repented, will God at the General Judgment hold all his sins against him for all men to see?

Answer. We know little about the General Judgment from revelation, but from this revelation we can deduce that for the just, this judgment will be one of glory and not of shame. Therefore, if the sins of one who has repented are made known on that day, it will be done only to give glory to God and to this repentant sinner.

Vocation Talks

FATHER NORBERT, O. S. B.

A Wonderful Treasure

There is constant endeavor among men to amass to themselves the riches of the world. They scour the earth from pole to pole in search of natural treasures; they toil a lifetime both intellectually and physically to secure a substantial share of worldly goods. Young reader, have you ever considered that you have been blessed with a treasure which is of greater value than all the silver and gold of the earth? It is the great gift of faith,—a wonderful treasure. The more you rejoice in the possession of it the more of it will be given to you, and the more you give of this treasure to others the greater the original treasure grows. Thoughtless indeed is a world that does not realize the value of this great good.

Our Greatest Communicable Good

Not only is it possible to amass to yourself a hundred-fold of merit and happiness in this life and eternal bliss in the life to come, but you can also spread happiness in the souls of others by helping to spread the faith, the underlying causes of true peace of soul, and by taking an active part yourself in the salvation of immortal souls. St. Gregory the Great says: "The whole world is not worth as much as a single soul." O God! how great then must be the joy possessed by a single soul which has entered heaven? What great value lies in the salvation of 800,000,000 souls scattered over the world, who have no belief in the true God. Think of it! You have it in your power to increase effectively this joy and happiness in the hearts of others, and at the same time reap a valuable harvest for yourself. May God enkindle in you a spark of desire to interest yourself in this work for His greater honor and glory.

Pearls to the Swine

Many do not stop to consider the great good they could accomplish in the world by devoting themselves to the service of God. Lack of determination and of necessary encouragement cause some to give up their high ambitions and to be satisfied with an inferior vocation in life in which to work out their salvation. We are told that good character, good health and talents, combined with a desire to enter the ranks of the priesthood are the only requirements for a vocation to Holy Orders. It is also the experience of many that there are many boys in whom these signs of vocation are to be found in a marked degree. Their vocations will be as "pearls thrown to the swine" if they do not take steps to follow out their calling before the influence of the world bends their minds and wills to other things. Young reader, if you feel in yourself a call of this kind, begin at once by communicating your heart's desire to some prudent person who will cooperate with you in the execution of your noble desire.

The Book of Hiram-Abi

DOM HUGH BEVENOT, O. S. B., B. A.

"I therefore have sent thee Hiram-Abi, the son of a woman of the daughters of Dan, whose father was a Tyrian, who knoweth to work in gold and marble."—(2 Chron. 2.)

In days now all but out of memory,
Judges there were, men valiant in the fight,
Who ruled this land 'twixt the great Western Sea
And Jordan's swift warm stream,—nay, far beyond
Their empire stretched right to the fruitful slopes
Of Galaad and Basan, which the sun
Daily o'erleaps to run his giant course.
Their northward rule did find accomplishment
In Dan,—the same is Laïs, won of old
By great Jehovah's might and Hebrew valour
From Sidon's men, sunk in Egyptian ease.
In the fair vale it lies, where Great Hermon
And Libanus sink down, letting the stream
Of Jordan freshen all the meadowland
Surpassing rich and fruitful to our day.

Within this city fenced there dwelt a youth,
Sared, of noble blood, the son indeed
Of Haber, son of Abinoe, who was
Son of the great Jaziel, son of Dan,
Who was of Jacob. On the seventh day
Of the third month strode down the riverside
Sared and Haber, his spear-dreaded sire,
To woo fair Axa, daughter of Elima.
Gracious was she of bearing and her speech
Sweet as the night-bells tinkling to the fold
Her father's lambs. And oftentimes ancient dames
Would prophesy—nor fear the Levite's frown—
That ere three summers had cast deeper hue
Thrice on the clustering grape, mother she'd be
Of mirthful children. Gladly her sire
Heeded the words propitious; and this day,

When down the riverside to Merom's lake,
Thick girt with rushes und papyrus' flowers,
Strode on the valiant Sared with his sire
And wooed the hand of Axa, lo! straightway
Elima falling worshipped on the ground,
And cried: "Great is Jehovah! Thus my seed
Lives on for ever, and my weak'ning frame
Can cheat the trick of time. Amen! Amen!
Sared, take thou my only one, but make
Eight days of merriment, while thirty youths
From Sephet, Haroseth, and Cedès' hills
Shall grace the feast within the walls of Dan."

Thus Sared won Axa of Elima.
And after four days and two days there passed
Beside the house of mirth a caravan
Of gay-garbed Hittites on their camels, lean
Yet stout with freight of Babylonian wools
And dainty Cretan ware, and gold of Ind.
Halting, they marked the revelry, and one
Taunted the simple youths for banqueting
In earthen pots, while neither gold nor stacte
Nor perfumes other graced the festive board
Nor e'en one glittering pearl adorned the bride.
The men of Dan loud scorned their finery
And bade the men their camels race away;
But Axa prayed Sared to heed the call
To sample shining trinkets, and they soon
Stood nigh the tallest camel scarlet-draped,
Already fingering the merchants' wares,—
When angered youths swift springing from the feast
Shot some keen arrows at the camels' legs.
And while one tall Hittite was bending low
Tempting fair Axa to adorn her breast
With pearls and corals from the great blue sea,
An arrow pierced his hand. His slender lance
Quivered a moment, shouting, then he thrust
Firmly the sharp iron into Sared's breast,
His strong left arm swept and gripped Axa's frame,
And with that burden fair the caravan
Swift speeded westwards thro' the gates of Dan.
Up hill, down dale, along Leontes' stream
To Tyre.—Tyre, queenly city, whence the fleets
Of proud Phoenicia lorded all the deep,
Sweeping along to Tarsis and beyond
Steering their course to Britain's wealthy shores.

In Tyre Axa did weep and ashes strew
About her comely garments, and she sang
The song that Israel's widows oft-times sing
After the battle fray:—

Lifeless I live,—come, Death and give
My frenzied heart full rest;
Sared is dead, from me scarce wed
Hath every joy been wrest.

One hour of bliss was this breast his,
Then the fierce lance did strike;—
Jehovah shield me, lest I yield me
To tempting Tyrian's might!

Destroy this steed, whose anguished speed
Doth me from loved ones part;
Let the chill breeze of midnight seize
The slayer's ruthless heart!

Let the drear moon with sick'ning swoon
His fell designs requite.
Jehovah shield me, lest I yield me
To tempting Tyrian's might.

During the waxing, waning of two moons
Axa made moan within the Tyrian home
Of the tall merchant from the Hittite land.
Unkind she found him not, but—gleaming high
Betwixt his raven brows the eagle nose,—
Now too well known in Israel debased,—
Cautioned her, when he smiled, that Jacob's child
Alone with Jacob's children should consort.
Nor tears nor ransom promise could avail
To win her freedom. Needs must she abide
And join the women on the festive days
When the great God of Tyre, Melcarth, was praised.
Needs must she tread the lordly marble courts
Of the grand temple where two pillars wrought
Of pure gold one, and one of shining glass,*
Honoured the hidden God. Yet Axa prayed
Alone to great Jehovah, throning aye
Upon the Cherubim,—meetly she prayed
For motherhood, and yet pure dignity
Among the gentiles. And the faithful Lord
Granted the boon, and when the child was born,
Son of the valiant Sared, she was fain
Call him Elima; but her captor bade
His name be Hiram-Abi, for the child
Was passing fair and worthy to receive
A royal name. Now in the princely train
About the King of Tyre, Hiram was chief
In beauty and ambition. And anon
Axa took comfort singing to the child
Of Joseph, Moses, and the verdant hills
And plains of Palestine. In this sweet wise
Jehovah's truth and bounty dawned upon
The little mind; Hebrew words were his first.
And as the years sped by he learnt to play
With little cups and carvings from the store
Of quaint-wrought treasures brought from many lands;
And later learnt to fashion to himself
Such things of beauty as no Israelite
Had fashioned,—fairer than the Cherubim
Erstwhile about the ark. For faithfully
Axa had told of how that treasured home
Of great Jehovah Moses had beheld
On Sinai's height in holy ecstasy
Figured forth clearly. "Child mine," she would say,
"Beseleel, son of Uri, devised
Things fair in gold and marble, while the son
Of Achisamech, glory of our tribe,
Wove and embroidered scarlet twice deep-dyed,

* Cf. Herodotus, 2:44.

Both plying with new zeal these Egypt crafts,
Sequacious now to Jehovah's behests.

"Then was the Holy Shrine all glorious brought
Through the swift Jordan's flood, by awe stark-stilled,
And Ephraim's valour won it resting place
Secure in Silo. There the holy priests
For well-nigh thrice a hundred years have sung
And sacrificed. Yet mark thee, child, scarce had
My days of languishment begun at Tyre,
When men of Phenice and Philistia
Loud gloried in the captured Ark of God,
And later sang what woes at Gelboe
Our people suffered. 'Tis these sorrows twain
Have reft me of all fairness; but strive thou
If haply as a citizen of Tyre
Thou master all the arts whereby thou seest
Their temples all emblazoned, be thine eye
And fingers deft to note and reproduce."

Thus Axa spake, and soon the eager youth
She kissed and bravely watched the ship depart
That bore him o'er the deep to Egypt's land.
There he abode long space and up the Nile
Viewed all the mighty tombs the Pharaohs built
Self-glorying, while their rock-hewn effigies
Line either bank,—two giant caravans
All mazed and petrified. Grieved he to see
As temple-honoured gods beasts of all shape
And every hue, yet somewhat comfort found
In Karnak's Temple, whose exceeding size
To compass round a sabbath-journey takes,
But more he joyed in Tel-Amarna's shrine
Where none was honoured but the god of light.
Then back to Tyre he hied him, and eftsoon
The fame of skilful Hiram went abroad.

And when prince Hiram donned the royal crown
And had made peace with David, warrior-king,
Hiram and Axa sought to make their way
Back unto Dan within the Jordan's vale.
But the King Hiram ordered them to tarry.
'Twas only when her eyes had closed in death,
Only when age had come to Hiram's brow,
When Solomon, greatest and wisest King,
Did seek from Tyre the best of architects,
Cunning to work in gold, marble and brass,—
Hiram the King sent the glad son of Axa
To make all-beautiful the Temple vast
That was to crown Moriah. Swift by land
And sea he sped to Libanus' dark groves,
And of the noblest cedars soon ten score
Rode on the foaming deep behind the keels,
Urged by the strong oars' iterated sweep,
From Sidon down the coast to Jaffa's strand.
Thence with rich store of marble and of gold
Hiram drew nigh Jehovah's holy seat
In Sion. There he prayed, then on Moriah
He laboured long and lovingly, devising
The pillars, pomegranates, little chains,

And candlesticks of gold, and holy vessels
Cast in the purest brass. Rich tapestries
And fragrant cedars soon bedecked the walls,
Then Hiram thought him of the columns twain
Gracing the Tyrian temple, and he cast
In the smooth sandy plain nigh Jericho
Two pillars of pure brass, eighteen ells long;
And these he reared within the vestibule,
Crowned each with linking chainlets and ten score
Of pomegranates. Seven years of toil
Thus perfected all things, and on the day
Of Dedication when Jehovah's cloud
Rested upon the Temple, Hiram heard
The Lord's voice calling to him from the cloud:
"Hiram, Hiram, for Me and Solomon
Well hast thou laboured. On this Holy Hill
Temple of mine shall stand almost all days.
Should this one fall, swift shall my children rear.
Another, mindful of thy genius
To holy purpose bent. And then shall come.
Mine own Anointed one, of David's seed;
The great Desire of the Eternal Hills,
My Christ shall come and make the courtyards ring
With His staid voice,—a Child's voice clear amid
The hush of wondering doctors. Then the wall
Shall crash and passage free shall yield unto
His mighty Word to reach the furthest lands.
And of thy Temple shall the fame be noised
Even so far."

And Hiram praised the Lord
And made due sacrifice. Then unto Dan
He took the much-beloved unknown way
Up thro' the Vale of Jordan's swift warm stream.
Then soothly marveled all the sons of Dan
Loud glorying in Sared's skilful child
Revealed at last, while his eyes dimmed with age
Joyed in the monuments and palm-girt springs,
By Axa's care well tutored. On a day
After some little space five stalwart youths,
Sons all of Hiram, thither bore from Tyre
The bones of Axa revered long time
By hearts all yearning for the Promised Land.
Then nigh to Sared's did they heap a mound
With hewn stone fairly compassed. Hiram wept,
'Twixt joys and sorrows labouring, till anon
The Lord's great Spirit fell on Hiram's soul
To prophesy.

"In Dan I raise the sound of praise,
For from his Holy Hill
Jehovah reigns o'er Israel's plains
And every dale and rill.

"Let Moloch groan and from his throne
In Ammon fall to dust;
And on the heights let Bael's rites
By Jehovah's be oust.

"Magnificence his residence,
And Juda is his joy;

He deigns to heed when weak ones plead,
And guards widow and boy.

"Sons from the sea, give ear to me,
Heed ye my twanging lyre;
Heroes of Dan, no caravan
Soon sallies more from Tyre!

"Shudder and weep, Queen of the deep,
With wailings long and wild!
Circling thee round, foemen will hound
To sheol sire and child.

"Thy sacred isle, befouled with guile—
And pride—scarce shall it stand;
Topaz and gem and diadem
Go tide-washed on thy strand.

"Far from you be idolatry
Lest woes betide as fell;
Observe always God's holy days
And love His Temple well."

And Hiram too was gathered to his fathers.

Lincoln's Birthplace

JOHN M. COONEY

THE twelfth day of this month is the one-hundred-and-fifteenth anniversary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln, considered with Washington, the greatest of Americans. Lincoln is the only United States President produced by the State of Kentucky, although that old commonwealth furnished also his contemporary and political enemy, Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederate States of America. War seems to have an extraordinarily stimulating effect upon Kentuckians. Besides furnishing two war presidents, their State supplied more soldiers, in the two opposing forces, and in proportion to its entire population, than any other state. In times of peace, Kentuckians rest.

And so, if any reader of THE GRAIL who follows these lines concerning Lincoln's early life, should undertake a visit to the birthplace and the various boyhood homes of the martyr president, he would find the country and the people much as they were in Lincoln's day. The usual route taken to the Lincoln farm is from Louisville to Elizabethtown, and thence over to Hodgenville, by rail, and then by auto or horse-drawn conveyance the last four miles out to the Farm. This is also the shortest way, but it is not the best way. The best way by all odds is to take for our starting point the little town of New Haven, which can be reached by rail or by auto from Louisville. Indeed, New Haven can be reached from several points.

The principal reason why New Haven should be the starting point for pilgrims is none other

than Colonel John Jesse Barry. Colonel Barry is editor of the *Rolling Fork Valley Echo*. Go to the office of the *Rolling Fork Valley Echo* to find him. He is not in? Quite possible. Well, then come out of this office of the *Rolling Fork Valley Echo*, and inquire of the first man, woman or child on the street, and you will learn Colonel Barry's whereabouts. If your informant is of the male population, he will probably escort you to Colonel Barry. You meet in Colonel Barry the best authority on the early life of Lincoln, the best authority in New Haven, in the State of Kentucky, in the United States of America. Colonel Barry has the historical sense. His father had it before him. This was that Dr. J. J. Barry who wrote a *Life of Columbus*, adapted from the French "*Life*" by Roselly De Lorgues.

Colonel Barry was "raised" here in New Haven. As local editor, he knows everybody. His keen journalistic sense sifts out the true from the false, the worth-while from the negligible. The worth-while he remembers. Moreover, every day of his life, with few exceptions, his eyes cannot but roam down across the Rolling Fork Valley and up Muldraugh's Hill; and was it not upon Muldraugh's Hill that Lincoln was born, and was it not in the valley he lived and played and worked and went to school, and was it not down the Rolling Fork he went with his father and mother when they started away for Indiana? So let us ask Colonel Barry if he will not drive with us from New Haven over to the Farm.

Well, here we go, down Main Street, headed south. We cross the railroad, descend by a gentle curve, and so come in sight of an iron bridge.

"When we cross that bridge we shall be in Larue County," the Colonel informs us. We are now in Lincoln's county. Larue County, we should know, was formerly a part of Washington County, Washington having been divided into several smaller counties as the population grew and the politicians flourished. That is why Lincoln went to his grave without the cheering certainty that his own mother was ever lawfully married. In the heat of a campaign this aspersion was cast upon his birth. To establish the truth, Lincoln,—so we shall be told when we bring up the matter in Hodgenville,—wrote to the Clerk of the County Court in Hodgenville from his home in Illinois, asking him to look up the record of the marriage license of Thomas Lincoln and Nancy Hanks. The clerk searched his best, but no such record was to be found. Many years after Lincoln's death the record was discovered in the courthouse in Springfield, the county seat of Wash-

ington County. It was stumbled upon, good authority says, by Mr. Billy Booker, an old citizen of Springfield, now dead.

"Here is where Lincoln went to school," now the Colonel informs us, pointing ahead. Soon we come to a farmhouse facing the pike from the west and situated not more than one hundred feet from the roadway. "When this house was built, three or four years ago," Colonel Barry goes on, "it was erected over and around the old schoolhouse, which constitutes one room in the dwelling. As we face the house, it is the left front room. Then we learn that the great Lincoln attended no other school than this one and that he did not attend even this one very long. His one and only teacher was Mr. Ambrose Riney, an Irish Catholic teacher of the old type. This Mr. Riney, in his laudable desire to develop proper manners among the valley boys, required them every morning to advance to his desk, one at a time, and there to practice the correct manner of removing the hat and making a bow. Many a time the little Lincoln had no hat, and must perforce borrow one from a more fortunate schoolmate before he could satisfy his teacher's requirement. Colonel Barry cites as authority for the truth of this story, Rev. John B. Hutchins, who had been a schoolmate of Lincoln's, and who had more than once lent Lincoln his hat for the prescribed ritual. Father Hutchins, who died only a few years ago, spent his last years as chaplain of Loretto Academy at Nerinx, Ky., only a few miles away.

"Now we are coming to Knob Creek," announces Colonel Barry. Lincoln is on record as saying this: "The only home I ever knew in Kentucky was my Knob Creek home." Once, Colonel Barry informs us, the little Lincoln fell into this creek, and he would surely have been drowned but for a timely rescue at the hands of one Austin Gollihoo, a playmate. Lincoln never forgot the incident, and, while President, wrote to his rescuer, recalling it. Colonel Barry says he has good reasons to believe that properly Gollihoo should have been called Gallaher. Soon we cross Knob Creek. Just now we must ford it, although within the year, perhaps, we may do so by way of a new bridge; and, as we pass over, the Colonel points downstream to the right and tells us that, a short distance below, the creek flows into the Rolling Fork, and that it was from the mouth of Knob Creek that the Lincolns set out on their journey to Indiana. Their course was,—down the Rolling Fork into Salt River, down Salt River to the Ohio, and across the Ohio into Spencer County, Indiana.*

Now we begin to look somewhat anxiously ahead and to wonder whether we must climb the frowning bluff which is Muldraugh's Hill, and, if so, how we are to do it. Colonel Barry reassures us. The road swerves at the foot and creeps up along the side of the hill, and it does so by a gentle grade, taking fully two miles to make the ascent, which is not much more than four hundred vertical feet. Long, pointed, level-floored valleys, or coves, run back into this bold-fronted hill, and in nearly every one of these coves the Lincolns lived at one time or another; for, according to our informant, their household goods could always be moved lightly, as they were moved frequently. As we go up the hill we find the Colonel's assurance justified, for the pike is part of the old Louisville and Nashville stage road, the grade being nowhere more than four per cent. On the right, the bluff towers always above us; on the left, the valley, deeper and deeper as we ascend, with every changing view a vision of beauty.

At the top, we find that we are not upon a hill at all but upon a table land, and that Muldraugh's Hill (to use a vile pun) is only a bluff. On the lower levels over which we have just passed, stand many "knobs," single and in ranges, long or rounded or cone-shaped, but now we are upon a table-land as high as any of these "knobs." As we drive along, we notice saucer-shaped depressions in every field, some holding water, others drained empty into the cavernous rock beneath the soil, and then we realize that we are drawing toward the cave country made famous by the great Mammoth Cave to the southwest. Now we turn into a reddish road to the right, and, after ups and downs and twistings right and left, through splashing "branches," now on patches of macadam and now on native clay, we come unexpectedly into Hodgenville, and see the whole town at a glance, the little courthouse in the middle of the square, and the statue of Lincoln, sombre, noble, sad, within its shadow. Southward we

* Some of our readers will be interested to know that Abraham Lincoln's home in Spencer County, at least one of them, was only a few miles to the west of the home of THE GRAIL. Although a mere hamlet, and junction on the Evansville branch of the Southern Railroad, the place bears the dignified name of Lincoln City. Here on a little knoll, awaiting the general resurrection, rest the ashes of his mother, Nancy Hanks. The grave is within a park which is maintained by the State of Indiana. State Highway No. 16, new building from Evansville, passes Lincoln Park and St. Meinrad on its way to New Albany and Louisville. —EDITOR.

turn again, past some comfortable, thrifty homes, past the negro settlement, again into the open country, again past the ponds and the dry-drained depressions on either hand, and then, after four miles over a fair road, we come to the open gate,—look for it upon the right—of the Lincoln farm. What are our emotions? Perhaps each one has his own. Silence, at any rate, now falls upon our party, and our eyes strain ahead. Presently we swing around a knoll, and suddenly before us, across a small, shallow vale, and towering over it, stands the white classic, the Lincoln Memorial. A noble flight of broad granite steps leads up to the stately pile, within which, beyond the bronze door, stands the rude, primeval cabin in which Abraham Lincoln was born.

Poorer cabins than this there were not many. It is built of logs, not of fine white oak logs as were most early cabins, but of small, blackened, refuse timber. The interstices are not chinked with stones and mortar, but with sticks and red clay. The chimney is not of stone; it, too, is of sticks and red clay. There is but one door and one small window. Outside, the cabin measures sixteen feet by fourteen; inside, fourteen feet by twelve. We write our names in a book, and pass silently out. At the foot of the noble descent, we hear the sound of dripping water, on the right. Led by the sound, we approach a sunken cavern, and descend into it by rude steps in the native rock, pass under a sheltering ledge, and drink from the spring that furnished the first water that quenched the Martyr's infant thirst. The water flows out of the rock, and falls into a cavernous cleft, to appear again no man knows where. At intervals, a few come and go quietly. At sunset we are alone. The new moon sails sweetly down the western sky. The shadows thicken; the first stars peep out, and in a distant thicket sounds the first call of the restless whippoorwill. Are we in the groves of Arcady? This classic beauty set down in the wilderness is strange, indeed; but not more strange than that Lincoln should have once been cradled in yonder hovel.

Wise and Otherwise

CONSTANCE EDGERTON

THE church in Devil's Neck is named San Gabriel. There are several likenesses of the good saint about the wall, tooting his horn. Each new mine superintendent felt in conscience bound to do something for the poor little church. Hence the pictures and statues of the saint.

Saint Gabriel's parish has its traditions. Each year, on June fourth, come rain or shine, is the parish picnic. This year it shone, hot, dry and dusty.

All the parish was there in fancy dress. Old Mr. Casey, who is eighty and acts forty, was wearing his grandson's new Panama. We all knew old Mr. Casey left home first. Grandma Peacock, who is Mrs. Carrington's mother, with a dress four inches from the ground, danced a break down. Denny Morrissey sang so sweetly Caruso would have looked well to his laurels had he heard him.

The road to Pine Grove is nothing to boast of. Chuck holes, washouts, ridges, steep hills, huge rocks, sharp turns. Father Kearney led the procession in the roadster Mrs. Peacock gave him. The Garry twins were with him.

The first number on the program was the lunch. Mothers spread out their best tablecloths, and proved by the marvelous array of chicken, cake, and salad, they were the best cooks in northern New Mexico.

Old Mr. Casey ate enough to founder two horses. Thus reinforced he gave the address of welcome, which did not vary one word from year to year. Though a little late the address was appreciated.

There was a swim, two near-drownings, a tug of war, potato race, fat ladies' race, baseball game, and guessing contests. While the younger set participated in these amusements the more staid-minded men, headed by old Mr. Casey, went farther into the grove to smoke.

"Grandpa, please change hats with me," pleaded Tommy Casey the Third.

"Run along like a good boy and do not bother me," replied his grandfather.

"He is a fine boy," said Miguel Artega as Tommy did as he was bid. None gainsaid Miguel. He had twelve children and was considered an authority on juvenile deportment.

As Father came nearer the trees, followed by the ten fattest ladies in the parish, the men stepped from cover. Father explained this race was for pleasingly plump ladies.

"Pleasingly plump," intoned John Furlong, of the Golden Guinea Mine. "Pleasingly plump? Father is rather keen on perception. A precious faculty. A child, a grandmother, a dog, a good car—all may be mere commonplaces of matter without imagination." John always talks over our heads. We did not bother to answer him.

Mrs. Tom Casey, the old man's daughter-in-law (she who had been Dolores Mancheta and brought one hundred cattle and a chest of silver to her husband) won the race. Despite her

two hundred ten pounds she stepped quickly and lightly.

When the sun began to slant, the mothers gathered up their best linen, sorted dishes and silver, disputed a little over original ownership, and the champion cook. While they were thus busily engaged Father Kearney called the roll among the children. Baby Ann Norton was amongst the missing, as they say in the casualty lists.

Mrs. Norton was in a bad way. Distraught. She showed it. How could she watch Ann and sort dishes at the same time? Where was that no-account George Norton, the child's father? And why was he not doing his share? Father Kearney looked at a Christian mother having such words as no-account in her vocabulary, and called a thorough search to be made for Ann.

Much hallooing, tramping and suggestions. More high words from Mrs. Norton, followed by tears. She knew a wild jalote or a centipede or a rattle snake or a mountain cat had done for Ann. Some of the ladies and Father remained with her to tide her over her heart-break. It was necessary. Her grief was sincere.

Striding across the grass at the psychological moment, a dainty little girl thrown across his shoulder, we beheld a bronzed giant. Mrs. Norton could not believe her own eyes. However, she had complete control of her vocal organs, to wit:

"George Norton! You no-account hippopotamus! I am wild with grief! Where have you been with Ann? And what were you doing?"

"What was I doing? Taking care of her. Teaching her what you should have taught her two years ago. She learned the Hail Mary today," and then he saw Father Kearney, and big George turned red beneath his deep tan, but he went on quickly: "Wonderful day for a picnic."

"It sure was," Father agreed. "We should be starting. George, if you take the Garry twins home with you, I will be pleased to have Mrs. Norton and her mother ride with me."

I rode back with old Mr. Casey and Tommy. "Mind you, Miss Edgerton," said the grand old man, who had been a school master in Ireland, and whose children and grandchildren were all of keen intellect and kind deeds, "Father Kearney averted murder today by keeping George away from his wife until she cools down. He has a great way with him, has Father. I remember the night Pablo Sanchez started a revival of the Penitentes in Old Town. Father joined the crowd. Pablo lost his nerve and his voice. Father gave them all his blessing and

they returned to their shacks. He and Pablo came back to New Town together and since that time Pablo thinks it a great privilege to sweep the church or to curry Father's old horse. He has a great, good way, has Father Kearney."

"And so have you, Mr. Casey," I told him. "You are Sunday School superintendent. Long before a priest was here you taught a class in cat— —"

"Hush now," he said softly, "and look up. There is the southern cross." And straight across the sky, white and plain it showed, guiding, pointing, cheering the thirsty, tired wayfarers.

Up and Down Judaea

LYDDA is now the principal junction of the Palestine Railways. The line from Egypt to Haifa passes through the length of the country, running near the coast; at Lydda one line branches off to Jerusalem the other to Jaffa, the central but not the most convenient harbour of the Holy Land. Lydda or Lod is supposed to be the burial place of St. George. It is now better known as the station for the principal camp and for the headquarters of the British Army and Gendarmerie in Palestine. The town contains over 7,000 Mohammedans, 544 Christians and 11 Jews. At the request of the Patriarch I went there during Lent to say Mass and preach for the Catholics at the camp.

On the first occasion I made the journey by train. The mentioning of a railway at Jerusalem usually sends a shiver through the frame of some sensitive people; but the station and the line are well hidden, and do not disfigure the Holy City. The line does not run straight, but in a curve, following a valley which descends from the high plateau of Jerusalem between the hills and mountains of Judaea down to the plain. Near the city until Bittu the hills are low, the slopes moderate and the sole of the valley is a stretch of gardens, frequently watered by springs. But as the valley gets deeper the mountains get higher, the slopes more steep and rocky, and the valley leaves room only for a river bed. To this part of the country a river does not mean the same as in Europe; most rivers here are not fed by constant springs, for the small amount of water which the latter send forth are utilized at once for watering the gardens; a river in Judaea is a kind of gutter-carrying away the surface water from the mountains during the rainy season. Last summer I several times crossed the bed, which is also the most convenient path for camels and mules, in spite of stones and boulders, but never was there a sign of a drop of water. Yet one

could easily see how high the water had sometimes reached. This February I went by train after a heavy rain and saw the brown water rush down its steep bed. Next day, on my return, the torrent had ceased, and only some pools of clear water were the remnants of the flood that had passed. To drink of such a torrent along the road must mean extreme need. At the station of Artuf one gets into a wide and fertile valley, still lined on both sides by hills covered with rocks and boulders and very little vegetation. Then farther on, at Sorec one is in the plain of the Philistines, which stretches to the sea. In this neighbourhood Samson played his tricks on the Philistines, and he is buried on a mountain near Artuf. On the hill opposite is Bertgemal, the property of Gamaliel, where he buried St. Stephen, and where he, his son Abibo, and his cousin Saint Nicodemus, also found their resting place. The feast of the Finding of St. Stephen, on August 3rd, still commemorates the wonderful discovery of his relics in his first sepulchre, and the translation of them to Jerusalem to the spot now occupied by his basilica, which adjoins the famous Biblical School of the Dominicans. The former church, built at Beitgemal over the tomb of the Proto-Martyr has long been destroyed, but a few years ago the vault was again discovered on the property given some years ago by the Marquis of Bute to the Salesian Fathers for an agricultural school. The next important station before Lydda is Ramlet, the old Arimatea; so the neighbourhood where I spent Holy Saturday is redolent with the memory of Our Lord's burial.

Several times I went from Jerusalem by motor on Sunday morning to Lydda Camp. It is a run of twenty-eight miles. The road is north of the railway and never touches it till Ramleh. The first part is a steep descent into the valley which runs from Jerusalem down to Al-Karim, the birthplace of St. John the Baptist. This, however, is not touched, because the road crosses the valley and climbs in a serpentine line up a high mountain, only to descend again on the other side into the valley of Abugosh, where the French Benedictines have a mediaeval church, similar to that of St. Anne in Jerusalem, with a spring underneath. On account of this spring some authorities think it might be the old Emaus, as old pilgrims speak of a spring at Emaus. Another hill has to be climbed and then the plateau is reached, from which one can see the sea at a distance of some thirty-five miles. Then the road descends through a narrow valley five miles long, down a steep gradient to the level of the plain. The villages are not in the plain but on hills or promontories,

no doubt owing to the marshy character of the ground, which is very little above the level of the sea. In spring the country looks all green; even between the rocks and boulders of the mountains grass and herbs are thriving, and the herds of cows, sheep and goats, which in summer have to be satisfied with withered grass have now a really good time. The sombre green of olive trees on the hill sides and valleys is relieved by the reddish blossoms of the almond trees; in the fields the wheat is growing rapidly and the meadows are over two months in advance of England. The end of February made one think of an exquisite May. The best cultivated spot on the road is Latrun, also called Ammas. It is by some considered to be the Emaus of the Gospel, both on account of its name, its spring, and the fact that the Emaus of the Macchabees, later on called Nicopolis, was here; the great difficulty against this opinion is its distance, in the straight line some thirteen miles from Jerusalem. As my missionary work in the camp brought me near the spot, I visited it on Easter Sunday afternoon. The French Trappists have made a veritable paradise of the land, and besides introducing a large variety of trees, they also planted along the high road a hedge of hazel which spreads a familiar flavour in the pure morning air.

Thursday in Passion Week was filled by a motor ride to Bersabee, the southmost town in the kingdom of Israel, the most northerly place being Dan. Bersabee was elected as the place of one of the eight war cemeteries of Palestine, to which the remains of the soldiers buried in the neighborhood were transferred. For the blessing of the one at Bersabee the High Commissioner, Sir Herbert Samuel, had invited the Catholic Patriarch of Jerusalem, and he took with him his seminarists as his assistants and his choir. As the distance from Beitgiala is forty-five miles, and the road not in good condition, we started in a motor bus at seven, so as to be in good time for the ceremony fixed for midday. On our road we passed Solomon's pools, now again used for the supply of water for Jerusalem, after several years of cleaning and reconstruction. Hebron, an hour's run from Jerusalem, is an old city, known as the burial place of Sarah, Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, whose sepulchres are supposed to be in the mosque, but are not accessible to Christians or Jews. Before the capture of Jerusalem from the Jebusites, Hebron was the royal residence of David. Absalom declared himself king there when he revolted against his father. The town is in a fertile valley, and has a good water supply. Fruit, grapes, and vegetables are plenti-

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In Flood and Flame

ANSELM SCHAAF, O. S. B.

"FATHER," said Claude Reer, "you remained at the altar for some time after Mass this morning. What was the extra ceremony?"

"Weren't you at church last Sunday?" inquired Father Gilbert. "Didn't you hear the announcement that today was the feast of St. Agatha and that the so-called St. Agatha bread would be blessed?"

"No, Father. Business took me to Newton last week and I had to remain over Sunday. What is this St. Agatha bread of which you speak?"

"You seem not to be very well acquainted with the life of this saint nor with the devotion that is shown to her."

"That is quite true, Father. But you know that business affairs leave us very little time for reading the lives of the saints."

"Well, Saints Agatha, Lucia, and Rosalia form a glorious trio of virgins and martyrs of the early Church in Sicily. Both Palermo and Catania claim the distinction of giving birth to St. Agatha. Catania honors her as its patron saint, and throughout the region around Mt. Etna she is invoked against the eruptions of this fearful volcano; elsewhere her protection is sought against fire and lightning. It has happened more than once that Catania was saved from destruction through her intercession. When the volcano was in eruption, the inhabitants took the veil that covered the saint's body and went in procession to meet the on-coming stream of lava that rushed down the mountain's side and this stream receded before them. Then, too, bread has been placed on her relics and sent to distant places as a protection against fire. That is precisely the reason for blessing St. Agatha's bread today. In some places, according to an ancient custom, bread is blessed together with water during Mass after the consecration."

"I am sorry, Father, that I did not get any of this bread."

"Certainly it is not to be despised, because the blessing of the Church and also of God rests upon it. But have we no other Bread which works the same and even greater wonders? The St. Agatha bread was employed by Almighty God only as a means to show His power and to honor His saint. He could have wrought the miracles without it. But this other Bread contains in Itself the very efficacy of which the other was only an instrument."

"Now you refer to the Holy Eucharist."

"Yes, for the Eucharistic Bread, in some ways, resembles the St. Agatha bread. The latter was originally used because her veil was not obtainable for distant countries. So also Christ wished to take the veil of his humanity (St. Bernard call's Christ's flesh His shadow) to the realms of heaven and yet He desired to multiply His bodily presence and extend His power to many places. Hence the Eucharistic Bread."

"Of course, no one who has faith can doubt the power of the Eucharistic Bread. But is there any

case on record proving that it stems the tide of anything like a volcano?"

"Yes, the Eucharist has served as a barrier in all sorts of calamities. A striking instance of this kind is given in a letter of a Redemptorist missionary of Buga in Colombia, South America, and cited by *Emmanuel* in 1906: 'The parish of Tumaes comprises a group of islands. It is, indeed, a miniature archipelago. The largest of these islands, that at which vessels put into harbor, is called Tumaco. On the 31st of January, 1906, toward 10 o'clock a. m., *La Verdad Popayan* records that an earthquake was felt. The shock was long and violent. In some places it lasted several minutes, in others, a quarter of an hour, producing everywhere



LORD, SAVE ME! I PERISH!

consternation and ruin. Towards eleven the inhabitants of Tumaco beheld the sea piling up to an enormous height and frightful cries were heard: "All is over with us! The sea is going to swallow us up!" and the horror-stricken multitude ran toward the beach where stood their venerable pastor to receive from him a last absolution. At this sight a heavenly inspiration seized upon the courageous priest and he at once ran to the church. In a transport of heroic faith he took the Most Blessed Sacrament and, accompanied by another priest and the people, in prayer, he returned to the beach and presented to the waves the thrice holy Host. Instantly the nearest mountain of water fell foaming at his feet. And now a second appeared on the horizon. The intrepid priest awaited it with unshaken confidence, holding on high the Most Blessed Sacrament. The mountain seemed to roar with fury but soon it too expired at a distance of about five meters (about five and one half yards). Little by little the sea became calm in the presence of the Sacred Host, the people regained courage and all danger disappeared. The cries of alarm were succeeded by canticles of thanksgiving. At the same time that this wonderful scene was being enacted, the island of Gorgona just opposite of Tumaco was submerged with all its inhabitants."

"These people surely had reason to be thankful. This account reminds me of last Sunday's Gospel in which the disciple cried out: 'Lord save us, we perish.' Then came the command to the winds and the sea, which obeyed the Master. At once a great calm followed."

"I am pleased that you remember that Gospel so well. But did you ever stop to think that the Eucharistic Bread does the same thing for us today? In the moral order we have volcanoes, earthquakes, storms, floods, conflagrations all reproduced within ourselves in the activity of our boisterous passions. And it is this Bread which will stay their progress."

"Take even the child. In youth when the mind is not yet mature, the great influences that extend their powers upon the nature of the individual are the body and its passions. Youth is guided for the most part by the instinct of this body and by these passions. But these tend downward. Man is prone to evil from his youth. This proneness then, which is blind in itself, must be counteracted early by calling forth a contrary taste and by strengthening the will for higher things. In Christ, the Bread of the strong, they will inhibit this taste and receive this taste and receive this strength of will. Yes, He is eager to be admitted into their innocent but already imperilled hearts: 'Suffer

little children to come unto Me.' He is desirous of correcting their evil tendencies by His divine influence, of becoming for them a balm which not only cures the growing malady but forestalls the evil eruptions. 'It is absolutely necessary,' says Rome, 'that children should become imbued with Christ before their passions get the start on them that they may have the strength to repel with greater energy the assaults of the devil, of the flesh, and of other internal and external foes.'

"As these children bud into advanced boyhood and girlhood, they still need this protection. The volcano becomes more active from within and heaves its fiery lava more to the surface as the passions awaken and assert themselves, but at the same time the dangers of provocation from without are also increased. Holy Communion cools the embers and resists to a great extent the allurements of external foes. Hence a pious writer says very truly: 'If the virtues of children are not consolidated by early Communion one page of a bad book, one vile caricature, the first gibe of an evil companion at school, in the drawing room, in the workshop, or on the street, will bring to the ground the whole structure of their training and they will feel it a relief to break with a faith that checks them and with virtues that are not pleasant.'

"Behold the marvels of purity even amid the very corruption of the world! Many pure souls are daily surrounded by the scandals, laughs, mockeries of a depraved world. They are passing through the midst of seduction and vice; they are working among human demons in factories, stores, shops, and offices, and yet their virtue is not tarnished. Whence this daily miracle? From the same Bread of the strong. A poorly clad girl whose purity was reflected in her very countenance was wont to communicate every Sunday in one of the Paris churches at the midday Mass. She was asked by the priest whether her soul was not jeopardized by her occupation as street sweeper, which exposed her to so much vile, impure, and blasphemous language. 'Oh no,' she replied, 'my Sunday Communion makes me so happy and unites me so closely with Jesus that I do not hear any thing else.' How much more reason she would have had to say this had she received Christ every day."

"What shall be said of the sanctuary and the cloister? What a contrast between Christianity and paganism here! The Roman law required six maidens who were known as Vestal Virgins to remain pure for at least thirty years. As priestesses they were to watch the shrines, keep up the sacred fire on the altar, perform the sacrifices, offer up the special prayers for the

state, and take part in the festivities of the goddess Vesta. Now amongst the millions of girls in the whole Roman empire it is said to have been difficult to find the required number who were willing to remain virgins. Christ comes into the world and ere long we find millions of chaste souls, millions of lilies in the home, in the desert, in the cloister, and in the sanctuary. In spite of the volcano within them, they have vowed to preserve their chastity and they are doing so as true Christian heroes and heroines. The world scoffs and says: 'It's impossible.' Our answer is: 'Granted, if Holy Communion, the fount of all purity and strength, the Wine springing forth virgins, is taken from us.'

"Even when this priceless treasure has been lost, because of the overpowering force of the volcano, the best and often the only remedy to procure it anew is frequent Holy Communion. A missionary writes that, whilst he sojourned in Germany, he came in touch with a pious Catholic physician, the director of a large sanatorium. This physician said to him: 'In this institution there are a number of youths who by certain habitual sins have miserably undermined their health. If they are Catholics, the first thing that I suggest to them for the purpose of freeing themselves from their sinful habits is weekly Communion. I have become convinced that one good Holy Communion strengthens their will more than a hundred resolutions. Therefore I find it so difficult to achieve the same results with non-Catholics, for they have no Communion. Oh to what slavery, to what a low ebb their will power is reduced by this base passion.' This testimony is valuable and confirmed by the experience of priests who by this very method have cured many souls."

"Father, your words are fascinating. But may not we who are married derive some consolation from this Bread?"

"Indeed you may. In these days of divorce and of birth control, of not infrequent conjugal infidelity and of denial of the right to life, married people as well as all others need a bread to withstand the volcano, the flood, and the conflagration of their passions. Holy Communion will also here serve its purpose. It will awaken and preserve in their heart a lasting mutual love; it will cleanse the heart from the dross of human imperfection; it will raise their natural and inconstant affection to the plane of supernatural love in Christ; it will extinguish the spark of discord in its very rise; it will melt the ice of coldness and aversion; and it will procure for marriage a threefold benefit which makes it truly an image of the

union of Christ with His Church, namely, the happiness of mutual fidelity, indissolubility until death, and the blessing of good children. St. Thomas says that the Holy Eucharist complements all the other sacraments hence also matrimony."

"Father, these last words especially are of great consolation to me. I know I shall derive much benefit from them."

"Well, ere you go I should like to make my point clear by another comparison. Possibly fifteen or twenty years ago a barn was on fire in K. One of the bystanders happened to have a medal of St. Benedict with her. She said to herself: 'This medal can do no harm and may do a great deal of good. I will throw it into the fire whilst I say a little prayer.' The medal lit on a hay mower. Strange to say whilst the whole barn burned to the ground the mower remained undamaged. I have this from the very person who threw the medal into the flames. Now if God deigns to spare from conflagration a mower on which rests a medal of St. Benedict, how much more must He keep our heart, which harbors His own Divine Son in the Eucharist, safe from destruction, although this heart is surrounded by the quakes and streams of the burning lava of our inborn and matured passions?"

At Dawn

ANNE BOZEMAN LYON

Illimitable sadness of a dawn,
When one lies still with hands
Inert upon a breast
That will never stir with joy;
When all the house is hushed
And weary with a watch,
Broken thro' the night
By the ache of gazing at the dead,
And whispered memories
Of kind deeds and trivial words,
Precious now that they are done.

Illimitable sadness of a space.
When one lies straight and cold,
With tired, close-shut lids
That will never open to the day,
Nor see the love in kindred's eyes....
Penetrating bleakness of gray light
That fills dim rooms, and falls
Upon a bier where one is deaf
To children's sobs, yet smiles
At mysteries revealed—a smile
That touches mortal lips
When angels show the path
To God.

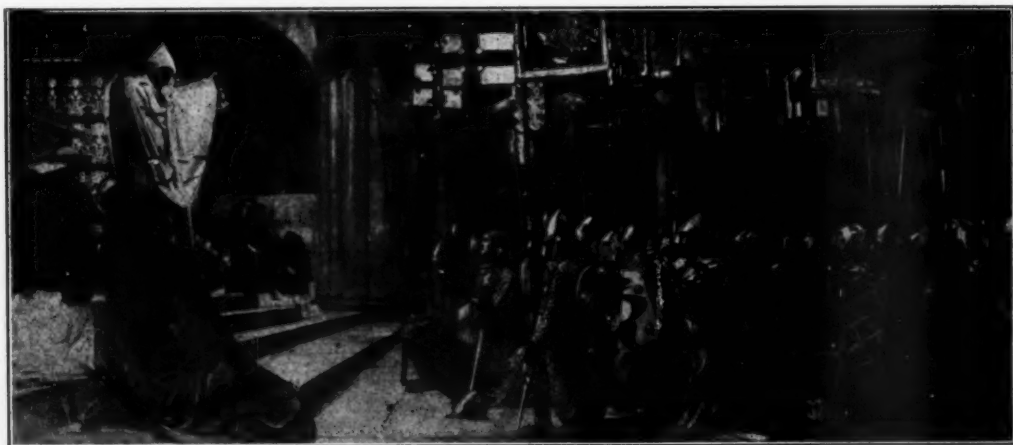
The Holy Grail

THE DEPARTURE, OR THE BENEDICTION UPON THE QUEST

Malory tells how, during the feast, and before the coming of Galahad, news was brought of a marvel upon the river,—a great stone "hoving on the water," as it were of red marble, with a fair and a rich sword sticking therein. The king and his company hastened to see, but no one might move the sword. When Galahad had come, the king took him to the river and showed him the sword. The youth lightly drew it from the stone and placed it in the empty scabbard that he wore, the sword fitting it exactly. After that most of the knights made vows to join in the Quest of the Grail. But Galahad rode yet without shield. On the evening of the fourth day he came to a white abbey. There behind the altar hung a wonderful white shield, bearing a red cross. This shield had belonged to King Evelake of Sarra, a Pagan converted by Joseph, the son of Joseph of Arimathea. Joseph and the king came together into the land of Great Britain. When Joseph lay dying, in token for the king he made a cross upon the shield with his blood, predicting that it should be borne by Galahad, the last of his lineage, the cross ever remaining fresh as when painted. The shield was hung in the abbey to await there the coming of Galahad.

So with sword and shield sanctified by source and by destiny Galahad and his fellows from the Round Table congregate in the cathedral for benediction upon their Quest, as depicted in the fourth panel. It is a scene of solemn splen-

dor. All the kneeling knights are in armor; and they hold their lances erect, gay with banners of manifold devices heraldic of their bearers. All wear helmets save Galahad, who kneels in the front rank. The new knight wears an armor of golden chain above his red robe. His left hand grasps his sword hilt, his right his lance; his banner bearing a red Celtic cross with lines of black. He kneels with bared head. Here also, as in the chapel with the nuns, his helmet lies before him on the ground. An impressive figure is that of the bishop, with arms extended in benediction. About the altar are many kneeling priests. In the background, beyond the bishop, is an iron grill finely wrought in a graceful pattern. Behind it is a suggestion of women figures, perhaps nuns, together with ladies of the court. The general tone of the panel is a warm brown, enriched by the varied colors that mark the pompous array of multicolored banners which adorn the thicket of lances. The picture forms a spectacle of quite another order from that of the dramatic moment of the preceding subject. As already pointed out, it repeats the motive of preparation that marks the second panel and introduces the second great moment which brings the first half of the cycle to a close. The chords are fuller, richer, more complex, than in the first scene at the altar. At the same time the effect is more external, and not so profoundly impressive, as that of the quiet gathering in the convent chapel. Nevertheless, this seems quite appropriate as a prelude to a campaign of struggle, of conflict in the great world.



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THE FOURTH PANEL—THE DEPARTURE, OR THE BENEDICTION UPON THE QUEST

Hills of Rest

JOHN M. COONEY

Chapter V

"ARE you hurt?" demanded Philip; "are you hurt?"

"Not hurt," replied Danny; "I am just no good. Do you see how I tremble? Let me lie down on that bed a minute; I feel sick."

Danny was pale as well as trembling, and his bruised face began to show discoloration. Philip bathed the bruised cheek and swollen eye in cold water, and soon Danny's nerves were steady again.

"There is no doubt that I am coming back fast," he confided to Philip with some spirit, "and maybe I am not glad to see it. A week ago that tussle and excitement would have put me under again. I'll show that Johnson up in about a month. He is a husky, all right, but he is a clumsy brute. I could dance all around him if I were my old self. But I am coming back, and it won't be long before there is steam in my punch again, and then Johnson will know it."

"I do not see why you should fight my battles," said Philip gravely, "and I do not think I can obey your orders much longer to keep hiding. I tell you right now that I'll not hide out again if Johnson comes blustering in here, as he is likely to."

"I do not think he will come again," said Danny.

"Yes, he will. You saw him as he drove in with Willie Pat. Well, he'll come again,—and often again if she will permit him. And he will come here to the cabin, expecting to discover me."

Here, Aunt Millie's bell startled both of them, but only Danny made a movement to go.

"I'll try to find out how things are up at the house," he explained to Philip, "and then, right after supper, we may be able to decide just what to do."

"All right," assented Philip, "I'll await you here."

As Danny went toward the house, he wondered whether he would see Willie Pat. He knew he wished to see her, and he intended to ask for her if necessary. To his pleasure and surprise, she took a seat at the table with him. She looked paler, he thought, than he had ever seen her, and he realized for the first time the weight of the burden this young girl was carrying. Every manly instinct in Danny thereupon asserted itself. He would protect and help his young employer in every way in his

power. Not waiting for her to speak, he addressed her:

"Miss Armstrong, I hope you will not think I refused to drive your car to town for you this morning without having a good cause. As I am working for you, it was, of course, my duty to go. It would have been a pleasure also—"

"Never mind, sir," interrupted the imperious young lady, "certainly you should have done as I requested of you; but what I wish you to tell me now is, what did Mr. Johnson want when he went into the cabin a little while ago?"

Danny pointed to his swollen and discolored countenance, where Willie Pat saw one merry eye twinkling naturally and one corner of his mouth turned pleasantly upward, while the second eye glared balefully out from its mottled and cloudy setting, and the other corner of Danny's mouth showed a rakish and incongruous droop.

"Did he do that to you?" inquired Willie Pat, surprise, sympathy, displeasure in her tone.

"Yes, the cruel man beat me up," admitted the now happy Danny.

"But why?" demanded the girl. "Did he go into the cabin to fight you? I did not think that he even knew you or that you are here."

Danny's sickly half-smile died quite away. For a second or more, he looked Willie Pat in the eye, so directly and with such challenge that she could not sustain it, and had to drop her own pretty lids. Danny, it seems, was assured from his scrutiny, and, standing up from his chair announced:

"I am going to let someone else tell you all about that. He is down in the cabin now, and you can guess who he is. Were you not expecting someone last night?"

"Who? Brother? Is it Brother?"

"You have guessed it, Miss Willie Pat, and it is going to be my pleasure to bring him up here to you."

"Oh, hurry, Mr. Lacey. Tell him not to delay a moment. I'll wait on the front porch, but I can't wait long. So hurry; won't you please?"

Within one minute, Danny stepped into the cabin, announcing:

"Well, Philip, we are going up to the house."

"Have you told Willie Pat?" inquired Philip, his countenance brightening.

"Only that you are here. You can tell the rest for yourself. There is nothing to hide nor be ashamed of. You absolutely could not have

gone to the house last night. You would have worried your sister to death with your fears."

"I know it; let's go. Are you going with me?"

"Just to finish my supper," assented Danny comfortably. "See, there is Miss Willie Pat waiting for you on the front porch."

As they neared the house, the young men parted, Danny going directly to the dining room, and Philip around to the house-front; and thus it happened that neither saw a car glide past the gateway and stop where the cabin and some bushes hid it from view of anyone at the house; and that is why, when Bill Johnson came unseen into the cabin through the rear door, he climbed the ladder to the loft unmolested, and why, to his disappointment, he found no one there at all.

In the meantime, what has become of Simkins? Was that worthy drowned, or had he in some marvellous manner escaped death? and betaken himself off? Not either of these. The precious rogue was at the moment hidden in a thicket somewhat to the rear of the cabin and separated only by a rail fence from the pike, where now stood Johnson's glistening new automobile. From his hiding place he could see both Johnson's machine and the rear door of the cabin, through which Johnson had entered. How did he happen to be still alive and so engaged? Some say that there is a special providence that takes care of rogues, though no such thought had ever illuminated Simkins' mind; and, in reality, his escape from proximate death the night before was, after all, more natural than providential.

When Philip, to free himself, had pushed Simkins away, the fellow who was now hiding in the bushes felt himself slipping, and gave all his attention and effort to the immediate matter of getting out of the creek before sliding over the fall. When, in spite of all of his scrambling, he found himself tumbling from the ledge, he had neither time, nor thought, nor desire, nor opportunity to make much outcry. He sprawled himself out, as men do under such circumstances, to make his fall as safe as might be; and, when he splashed into the pool and came to the surface unhurt, his business still was, not to make a thoroughly useless uproar, but to make an entirely useful struggle to get out of deep water. This he did after some difficulty, and, after a few moments' rest on the bank, started back to town along the path over which he had just come. If he heard Philip's cry, he paid no attention to it, and was intent only upon getting back to food and dry clothes. It so happened that he could there on the spot give himself a warming drink. If it occurred

to him at all that Philip might be frightened at his disappearance in the dark, he did not care. Philip could worry if he must. He would like to tell Johnson that Philip tried to drown him; but, then, if Johnson ever found out that he had told Philip of Johnson's self-incriminating plots against him, it would be a bad day's work for Simkins. He paused at the thought. Had he not better avoid Johnson for a while? How could he answer the questions Johnson would be sure to put him? It would never do to see Johnson that night, and Johnson would surely be on the outlook for him, and would be sure to find him if he returned to town. He thought then that he would go to his father's, which was about five miles farther out; and, only after an hour's walk did he change his mind again. His father had a small holding adjoining, and carved from, the old Johnson place. All the family of Johnsons, except his own employer, lived here, and he did not wish to risk being seen by any of them. He spent the night in a barn, and the next day, loitering and foraging, all the time drawing nearer and nearer the Armstrong place, purposing, subconsciously perhaps, to find Philip Armstrong again, and instinctively seeking him first of all at the old cabin.

In keeping with his slinking manner, he had come on the Armstrong place, not by the gate, but over the fence and into the thicket behind the cabin, and at the very moment, as it happened, that Johnson's shining car swung into sight around the curve just below the spring. So he crouched down where he was, hidden, motionless and silent, until Johnson disappeared within the cabin. Then he moved cautiously to a point in the thicket, whence he could observe the cabin and the machine, without being seen himself. He was very uneasy. He had had a bad night, and a day which, though Simkins himself did not think it at all distressing, had worn upon his not too healthy nerves; for he had wandered in all a goodly distance under the hot sun; he had had very little food, and all too much liquid from the pint bottle in his pocket. The bottle, indeed, was nearly empty as he now drew it out and looked at it.

"Not two left," he muttered, eyeing it critically; "I might as well make it one good one."

This he did. Then, after one intent look at the empty flask, he slid it carelessly down the slope without a word, and turned his attention to the task of extricating something from his trousers' his pocket. This proved to be a revolver. Simkins turned this over in his hands, examining it with exaggerated concentration. The examination must have proved satisfactory,

for Simkins pronounced this judgment as a result:

"You're a putty little baby, all right; and you're loaded, too;—jes' like me. No, d—n if you are, either. I'm loaded a heap fuller 'n you. Wonder what Johnson would do if I was to let out a yell. He'd come bustin' out o' that there door sure if I was jes' to pull this little trigger;—he'd come out o' there like a bat out o' hell. What the hell is he lookin' 'roun' here for anyway? He ain't got no right follerin' me up and spyin' on me. I ain't goin' to stand no more of it."

Just then Johnson came out, and, without hesitation, walked toward the waiting automobile. Simkins' eyes followed his every step and, as he crossed the fence, the drunken fellow could hardly restrain his impulse to take one shot at him with his revolver. Only fear restrained him.

"But I'm through with you, d—n you," he muttered, "I'm through with you. You ain't goin' to find me no more, and I ain't goin' to do no more of your dirty work. Go on, d—n you," he muttered as the car started; "If I had another drink, I'd drink your partin' health; as I ain't got a partin' drink, I'll just give you a partin' shot. Bang! That's the way she goes from my little gun."

The drunken fellow had, indeed, fired his pistol, aimed indifferently toward Johnson's car just as it turned the curve in the road below the spring. The car slowed down at once, and Johnson stepped out. Simkins stood in terror, ready in a moment to bolt. His eyes were glued upon Johnson. He could not see his features owing to the distance, but he knew well enough what must be Johnson's cold rage if he thought the unexpected shot was fired at him. For a full minute they stood, Simkins in the thicket, and Johnson looking carefully about, to discover, if possible the origin of the shot. Then Simkins saw him step into the car, but he did not see him put his handkerchief to his ear and draw it away, wet with blood. What he noticed next, as he turned his eyes from the winding line of the now deserted pike, was two young men walking toward him, down the avenue from the house in the grove above, watched eagerly by two women on the front porch, one white and young, the other black and old. Simkins would have been glad to see Philip Armstrong alone, but he contemplated flight as preferable to seeing him with a stranger. Still, he had no reason to flee from here; nor had he, indeed, any better place to go; and so, when he saw Philip and Danny turn from the driveway and make directly toward the cabin, he came quietly out of the thicket and

approached the little house from the opposite side. In the open space, he stopped suddenly at the clamor of two female voices, Aunt Millie's carrying for the distance easily, and warning:

"Watch out, Mistah Philip, dar he is behin' de house!"

Danny, who had left the house first at the sound of Simkins' revolver and was overtaken by Philip on the avenue, passed through the cabin and picked up his own weapon; but, once in the back yard, what he saw was anything but hostile or dangerous. Philip's countenance fairly beamed upon the befuddled and astonished Simkins. He led him into the cabin, and called upon Danny to open up his picnic stock and satisfy the wolfish appetite. Then he pressed a cigar upon the dead-come-back, and demanded that he lead them to the fall in the creek and explain the whole accident. As they passed up the creek hollow before the eyes of Willie Pat and Aunt Millie, Willie Pat's curiosity and Aunt Millie's scorn increased with every step in the progress of the unusual group.

"Whar dey gwine wid dat po' white trash? Look at him skulkin' 'long jes' like a whipped houn' dog! Huh! Smokin' a cigar, too! I wouldn't trust him no fur 'n I could see him; not dat fur even."

But Willie Pat had not remained to hear. She had run, on a sudden and natural impulse, to the telephone, to call up Katherine Mitre. The Colonel had answered, and Willie Pat was saying:

"Never mind, Colonel; you will do just as well. I want Katherine to come out. Tell her to get ready right away. I'll send for her. You say you'll bring her out, Colonel? Oh, that's so nice of you. You are sure you were going out driving anyhow? All right, Colonel; I have so much to tell Katherine, and so much to tell you, too."

Half an hour later, Willie Pat, sitting on the porch alone, heard footsteps and, looking up, saw Philip approaching.

"Where are your friends?" she inquired.

"They have gone their ways, Danny to the cabin, and Simkins to sleep in the tobacco barn. He is worn out."

"Simkins! Is that the low thing that has caused so much trouble?"

"That's the same precious bird."

"Well, what is he doing here?"

"I rather think he is hiding from Bill Johnson."

"He had better hide somewhere else; and the farther from here the better, I should think."

Philip paused before replying; for, while he

thought his sister intended only to express her aversion to the fellow Simkins, he feared that she might possibly mean that Johnson was certain to be a visitor at his home.

"What do you mean, Sister?" he at length inquired. "Does Johnson come out here often?"

"He comes as often as I let him."

"I do not blame him for that, Sis; but I hope you do not let him come very often."

"Why do you hope that, Philip? What is the matter with Mr. Johnson?"

"Well, he is the worst enemy,—I should say, the only enemy,—I have; and, as an enemy, he is good; few can beat him. He is dangerous. But that is not the thing. I had rather have him as an enemy than to see you have him as a friend. He is not fit to associate with you at all, Sister."

"I do not know what to think of him," admitted Willie Pat slowly. He is always nice to me; nicer than almost any other of the boys; he is certainly entertaining. I enjoy his company; but somehow I never like to make an engagement with him; and today I thought I hated him when I saw what he had done to Danny,—I mean, to the new hand. Do you think we should give Mr. Lacey a room in the house, now that you are at home again?"

"I certainly think we should; and moreover I insist upon it."

"Well, we'll do it then."

Willie Pat turned her head to one side as if listening, for her waiting ear had heard the click of the gate. She stood up and, laying her hand upon Philip's shoulder ordered him:

"Sit right where you are, and don't dare stir an inch until I call you."

Philip smiled good-humoredly and obeyed. Willie Pat hastened into the house only to pass out quickly again by the side porch, and tripped down the avenue to greet the Colonel and Katherine. She pulled Katherine bodily out of the conveyance, and ordered the Colonel to drive on; but she gave him a warning look and a warning shake of her finger, which the Colonel wisely enough interpreted as meaning silence, on his part at least. She hurried Katherine into the house with promises of a mighty lot of news to tell her, took her into the big parlor, and ordered her not to stir from the room till she returned. She reached the front porch again just as the gentlemen were taking their seats and, after shaking the Colonel's hand and telling him what a sweet old friend he was to come out so promptly, she asked Philip to go to the parlor for a box of cigars, which he would find, she thought, lying on the piano. And so it was that Willie Pat's surprise was brought about after all and that the little party of four, some

fifteen minutes later, were having a happy time together when, for the second time that day, Johnson's car drew up the driveway to the house. Johnson, though his arrival completely altered the spirit of the company, was civilly received, and all, excepting perhaps Philip, were having some enjoyment, when Willie Pat turned to her brother and asked:

"Why do you not go and ask Mr. Lacey up? He is surely lonesome down at the cabin by himself. Besides, we shall want him to take his room in the house tonight."

"I'll go and get him right away," assented Philip, arising. I don't know what I could have been thinking of to have forgotten him."

"You'll not find him there now," here put in Johnson. "The sheriff has just taken him away. He is probably in jail by this time."

The Colonel and the two girls cried out their amazement at this announcement. Philip looked sharply at Johnson, but his eyes were cold as steel, and he remained in stony silence.

"But what did the sheriff want him for?" demanded the Colonel with strange truculence, for it seemed as if the others had lost their speech.

Johnson arose and, taking up his cap, said:

"The sheriff took him off just as I drove up the hill. I admit that I had something to do with the arrest, but do not judge me in advance. You will learn the truth in the morning."

(To be continued)

Up and Down Judaea

(Continued from page 316)

ful. According to the recent census it numbers now over 15,000 Mohammedans, 430 Jews and 73 Christians (the latter no doubt the result of the Scottish Medical Mission).—DOM LAMBERT NOLLE, O. S. B., in the "Birmingham and District Catholic Magazine."

Life's Twilight

LOLA BEERS MYSEN

My impotence to stay
The coming, creeping gray
Of afternoon is naught—
In early sun-kiss caught,
Have I not known and seen
The bud, the roses' sheen?

Though with remembrance-tears,
Distilled from the old years,
My dimming eyes are wet.
Sweet hours at twilight-bloom,
Bringing back lost perfume.
So—why the rose regret?

Washington's Home at Mount Vernon

MAUDE GARDNER

IT stands on a little bluff—Mount Vernon, beloved by Americans—snow-white, dignified, a perfect type of high-pillared colonial architecture, looking down on the famous Potomac as it flows between graceful hills. A typically Southern mansion, with great shaded lawns, gardens, orchards and outbuildings, unchanged within and without so that if our first great leader should come back today he would find the home that he loved so well practically as he left it over a century ago.

Mount Vernon must not be changed! That was the provision that Anne Pamela Cunningham, the brave little Southern woman, who saved the historic mansion for the nation, made when she presented it as a gift to the people of America. "Let no irreverent hands change it; no vandal hands desecrate it with the fingers of progress! Those who go there wish to see in what he lived and died. Let one spot in this grand country of ours be saved from change!"

And this provision has been kept to the letter. Mount Vernon remains unchanged, for no improvements have been added, nothing has been taken away. Each year more than one hundred thousand pilgrims go through the rooms once occupied by Washington and his faithful wife to see the articles of furniture just as they left them. Eager eyes peer into the library to see the well-thumbed books of the great man, or into the music room where stands the harpsichord with pages of yellow music resting on its top. Eager feet climb the old fashioned stairs to see the room where Lafayette, the great French hero and friend of Washington, slept, and over the library the room in which the "Father of his Country" died, and another flight of narrower stairs leads to a bedroom—a tiny little room in the attic—where Martha Washington spent her last days so that she could look out of the south window and see the grave where her beloved husband was buried.

To go through this beloved shrine is to ex-

perience strange sensations and somehow the past, with its splendid events, seems very close to us, and we appreciate more than ever the glorious heritage of liberty which has been handed down to us, and a greater love springs up in one's heart for the brave "Father of his Country," who left this beautiful home to make our liberty possible. For it was from here that George Washington went to lead a little band of harassed, down-trodden people to become free and independent of a great nation which scorned and scoffed them. For seven long years Mount Vernon knew no master, for he was away suffering with his men at Valley Forge, the fate of a nation resting upon his wisdom, and his greatest asset an undaunted spirit and faith in God and the right.

And when finally the right was gained in the glorious victory at Yorktown and out of the colonies the United States of America was formed, it was George Washington who was



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chosen to guide the new ship of state on its new perilous adventure. He would rather have remained at Mount Vernon, but it was another call to duty, and for two terms he served as President of the new-born nation, but when the people spoke of a third, he would not hear of it. Mount Vernon, his plantation home on the Potomac, was calling loudly and insistently and he longed for its peace and quiet. His years of absence from the place had only served to enhance his love for it. No other spot was ever quite so dear to him as Mount Vernon, a gift from his beloved dead, and the scene of many of the happiest events and memories of his life. But only three years were left to the great man to enjoy the rest and quiet of his beautiful home. In his will he left specific directions that his body should find its last resting place on the grounds of Mount Vernon, and at the head of the path that leads from the boat landing, the tomb stands.

The back part of the brick structure extends

into a bank and is closed by iron doors. Behind these are the bodies of several members of the Washington family, while the front part of the vault is closed by plain iron gates, through which one may look to see the simple sarcophagus that holds the precious dust of the great American. At his left is the body of his wife. Both the sarcophagi are sealed and are intended never to be opened, nor are the vaults at the rear. Four times a year however, the iron gates are opened by the authorities, and it is on these occasions that the wreaths and other floral offerings of flowers are deposited.

The love and veneration for the memory of Washington, which pervades almost every heart, would cast a halo about the home and last resting place of our great national hero. The associations that cluster about this hallowed place endear it to the heart of every American; it is the first place visited by foreigners, the most interesting mansion in the United States and our greatest shrine of patriotism.

And this peaceful and lovely spot is kept sacred and beautiful by an organization of women who, seventy-odd years ago, rescued it from ruin and the auctioneer's hammer, and by intelligent devotion have preserved it for coming generations. Just how Mount Vernon was saved for the nation has a romance all its own. On the death of General Washington in 1799, the historic place was willed to his nephew,

Judge Bushrod Washington, who in turn willed it to his nephew, John Augustine Washington, and the last owner of the historic home of his ancestors, found himself unable to keep up the large estate. It was fast falling into ruin, the roof was leaking, the pillared portico was sagging and there was no money available with which to repair it. At last in desperation Mr. Washington offered to sell the place to the United States Government or the State of Virginia to be preserved and kept as a national shrine. But both these offers were declined.

The men would not save Mount Vernon, but the women would! So thought a brave little woman in South Carolina, and from her sick bed, for Anne Pamela Cunningham was an invalid, she sent forth a strong appeal addressed "To the Women of America," pleading for co-operation in her scheme for saving beloved Mount Vernon for the people of the nation. Enthusiasm was at once aroused, people became intensely interested in the worthy project and before the year was out, Anne Pamela Cunningham's dream was coming true for the Mount Vernon Ladies Association had been formed, with representatives from every state and by the end of 1858 the necessary amount of \$200,000.00 had been secured, and the famous home on the Potomac became the property of this band of courageous women, headed by the frail little woman in whose mind the plan had been conceived.

Granny Takes a Hand

MARY E. MANNIX

THERE had long been a friendly rivalry between two of the youths of the village for the favor of pretty Mary Callaghan, who if she had been a flirt, could have had all the boys of Knockawn at her feet. But Mary altogether lacked coquetry—that attribute of woman which, it must be admitted, when not carried to extremes, adds charm to her personality. She was sweet, amiable, honest, and entirely truthful; a trifle cold, perhaps, or she could not have gone on her way as she did unperturbed by devotion of which she was fully conscious.

"Big Dan Mulhall," as he was called, because of his might and prowess in all athletic games, was, without dispute, a very handsome fellow. His good looks and a certain dominating personality, which he could make very winning when he chose, were his greatest assets. He was also what might be called a "breezy person"—sometimes, Mary thought, who admired his good looks, almost overwhelming with his stri-

dent voice, loud laugh and undoubted self-sufficiency.

His rival, Ned Callopy, was a fine fellow in every sense of the word—not as obtrusive, either as to good looks or egotism as his friend and rival, but always to be relied upon in an emergency, constant as the pole, a great favorite with all who knew him. Contrasting the two young men, generally to the advantage of Ned, people would say—"but Dan has a way wid him,"—which exactly described the situation.

When alone with Dan Mary felt the fascination of his striking presence. At such times he showed his best side, for his feelings regarding her had the merit of all the sincerity it was in his nature to give. When chance threw Ned and her together by themselves she could not but do justice to his sterling qualities, contrasting his self-effacement with Dan's continual bluster. But when in the company of friends,

at a merry-making or reunion, Mary sometimes felt inclined, as she said to herself, "to take Ned by the shoulders and shake him out of his corner."

Thus matters stood at the opening of our story. One morning Dan came to Mary in the spring-house where she was churning.

"I'm off for America in a fortnight," he said in the brusque manner which was one of his chief characteristics.

"To America!" she exclaimed. "And what has put that notion into your head, Danny?"

"I've had it there this long time," he answered. "And now the way is clear for me. Ellen is going to be married to Jim Blaney beyond at Ballinatrach. He'll take over the farm, and care for my mother. Young Lawrence is for the seminary. So that leaves me free."

"And what will you be doin' in America, Danny?" she inquired.

"What others are doin', Mary. Gettin' riches—an' 'tis for your sake I'm goin'."

"For my sake? I never asked you to go into banishment."

"I'll soon be back with my pile, as the Yankees say," laughed Dan, "or maybe you'd rather come out to me."

"You're takin' me too much for granted, Danny, I'm thinkin'," answered Mary, a flush on her cheeks.

"Not at all, not at all," said Dan in his masterful way. "Well you know that you're the light of my eyes, and the joy of my life. Well you know what I've had in my heart these long years, Mary."

"But how do *you* know what I've had in mine, Danny?"

"The same thing—the same thing," he replied confidently. "Tell me, who is there you like better?"

"There's no one," she answered without hesitation.

"You have a kindly feelin' for Neddy," he continued. "But it's only kindly. He's not mistaken about it either. He very well knows that he is second-best with you, Mary. He'll never dispute my claim on you, good sensible fellow that he is."

Mary's lips were silent, though her cheeks grew rosier.

"Promise now that you'll wait for me till I come or send for you, and I'll be off to America this day fortnight with a light heart," he continued.

He laid his hand lightly on her shoulders. She looked up at him through a mist of tears. At that moment she felt that she loved him and would be faithful to him through any period of waiting.

"I promise you," she said.

"Say this, Mary: 'I promise to wait for you till you come or send for me.'"

She repeated the words, adding, "or, until you let me know that you release me."

"Release you! Well, Mary, as soon would I release my own life."

Thus in a short ten minutes the contract was made, and two weeks later Danny left for America. Danny made no secret of it, and Neddy accepted the situation calmly. Indeed, Mary had almost a feeling of resentment when she thought of it.

"He'll never carry a girl off her feet with his love," she soliloquized. "Poor Neddy! He can't help his own nature, though." In those days she was missing Dan's breeziness and self-assertiveness, distance and separation lending enchantment to the memory of the absent lover.

For a year he wrote regularly—after that at intervals. During the third year of his absence there was no news coming of Dan Mulhall, either to his own people or his affianced bride. But Mary said no word to anyone of what must naturally have been gradually insinuating itself into her mind.

Three years passed and one evening on the way home from Vespers Neddy asked her to marry him. She turned upon him in a manner quite foreign to her usual gentle demeanor.

"Marry you!" she exclaimed, "When I'm promised to Dan?"

"Very likely he is dead—long ago," Neddy replied. "He'd be writin' if he's livin', and if he be alive, and fickle as that, no promise ought to hold good for him!"

"I'm ashamed for you, Neddy!" she cried. "Speakin' in such a way of your best friend. I'm ashamed for you!"

"He's not my best friend," said Neddy quietly.

"Who is then?" she asked.

"You are, and will be always. You can say what you like to me—I'll never think of another."

For answer she turned back on the road and left him to walk home alone. But in spite of his denunciation she felt uneasy that night, slept poorly, and heaved a sigh of relief when, next morning, as though nothing had happened, Neddy came over early to say that he was ready to dig the potatoes whenever she wished. And everything went on as before.

It was Christmas night. Danny Mulhall had been away nearly five years. The grandmother, an aged but very shrewd and sensible woman, had gone to bed. Mary and Neddy, who had

been spending the evening at a neighbor's, sat beside the dying fire. Neddy's father, with whom he had long lived alone, having neither brother nor sister, had died the previous summer, and he had been working on different farms in the neighborhood. But always on Saturdays and Sundays he returned to his cottage and whenever his time was his own he gave it to the old woman and her grandchild.

"Rake up the fire a bit," said Mary. "'Tis a sharp night, and it must be cold in your house beyond. I'll give ye a cup of hot tea before you go over."

"'Tis not cold in my house," he replied. "There's a good bed of hot coals under the ashes in the fireplace. I settled it before I came out."

"The tea will be comforting to us both," said Mary as she placed it, with some hot scones, on the little table. For a while they sipped their delicious beverage in silence. Then Neddy said suddenly,

"You're near twenty-three now, Mary, aren't you?"

She nodded.

"Five years doesn't be long slippin' by," he continued. "And yet—some way it seems a long time."

"Since when?" she asked sharply.

"Since Danny went. He's dead—or worse. I hope he's dead."

"You hope he's dead!" exclaimed Mary. "A fine, Christian, brotherly wish, that, for Christmas night!"

"Better so, than that he should be a villain, which he is, if he's *not* dead."

She covered her face with her hands. The action gave him hope.

"Mary, will you marry me?" he asked.

She stood on her feet, pointing to the door. "Neddy Callopy," she cried, "welcome as you've been under this roof for many a long year, that door will be closed to you if ever again you ask me that question. 'Tis a treachery to your friend and a cruelty to me. Oh, I wonder at ye! I wonder at ye." And she burst into tears.

He rose from his seat and stood beside her, trying to take her hand. But she drew it away.

"Mary, Mary!" he pleaded, "don't banish me like this—let us be friends as we were always. And I vow, before the Infant Jesus, born this day in Bethlehem, that I will never again ask you that question."

She did not reply, but sat down once more, sobbing, and rocking herself to and fro. After awhile Neddy arose and quietly left her.

That night Mary's dreams were troubled. She was passing from one boat to another upon a stormy sea, now Danny beside her, now Neddy. But always as death seemed imminent, as the waves broke over her, it was to Neddy she turned for rescue and protection.

For several days she saw nothing of her rejected lover and her heart was troubled. She reproached herself for having treated him too harshly, realizing that if he had sinned against her all-to-rigid code, it was for love of her. She missed his friendly smile as he passed the window where she often sat sewing. And yet, what could she do? Nothing but wait and wonder.

On the fourth evening he came over in his usual friendly manner, as though nothing had happened. But after they had exchanged a few words regarding the weather he suddenly turned to her, saying:

"Mary, I'm leaving in the morning. My cousin, Peter Baynes from Ballinatray, is takin' my land for a while. His health is not very good and he thinks it will be better for him here. So I'll be sayin' good-bye to you."

"I'm sorry you're goin'," was all she could answer.

"And I'm sorry for the way I vexed you Christmas night. I hope you'll forget all about it and forgive me, Mary. A man can't always be responsible when his feelin's get the better of him."

"I know that," she murmured.

"Peter Baynes is a kind and helpful old fellow," said Neddy. "He'll be glad at any time to oblige you. Don't fail to call if you need him."

"I won't," said Mary.

"And now, I'll be going," said Neddy. "Say good-bye to the grandmother for me."

He took her hand, held it for a moment with a gentle pressure, and she, tongue-tied, let him go without a word of farewell.

* * * * *

"One bright spring morning Mary was working in the garden when a rough voice from the other side of the hedge called out,

"Hello, Mary Callaghan!"

She looked up—Dan Mulhall stood before her, broader and burlier than ever, not at all improved in appearance, she thought. Terror seized her; she felt like fainting. But bravely drawing herself together she confronted him, silently.

"You don't know me!" he said.

"Very well I know you, Dan Mulhall," she answered. "But you're greatly changed."

"And so are you. I left you a slip of a girl and find you—lookin' older."

"That's natural," she replied. "Time doesn't stop for us."

"True for you, woman. What's your news?"

"I have none," she replied.

"I'm doin' fine in America," he continued. "I'm makin' from five to seven dollars every day of my life, bossin' a gang of longshoremen."

"A gang of longshoremen," she repeated mechanically, visualizing a ferocious crowd of unruly men bent on injury to their fellow creatures. So Dan Mulhall had allied himself with outlaws!

"Maybe you don't know what the word means," said Dan, quick to notice her bewildered expression.

"I do not," she replied.

"They are big strong fellows that load and unload the ships, comin' and goin'," he said. "We're just after a strike and I felt myself tired out. So my wife and I came over for a holiday. She stopped in Cork with her consins and I thought I'd run over for a short visit to my native town, though there's none of my people in it any more."

His wife! Blessed word. Mary's heart began to sing joyfully in her bosom.

"She's a fine armful of a woman," he went on. "She'd make two of you, Mary Callaghan."

"Is that so?" responded Mary, indifferently.

"You've gotten a little snappish since I saw you last, I'm thinkin'," he said.

"Perhaps I have," she replied shortly, "though I've not been told so before."

"I hear you're not married."

"No, I'm not married."

"I thought you and Ned Callopy would have made a match of it before this. Ned used to be fond of you. They tell me he's away out of this."

Mary did not answer. Her cheeks were beginning to burn; she felt an inward tremor which she was using every effort to keep from the surface. For she knew that if she let loose that usually quiet tongue of hers on the traitor before her his hardened soul would scarcely feel its lash, while she would have lowered herself in her own eyes forever. But she gave him one swift look which did not escape him. He feared it might portend reproaches, which he was not desirous of hearing. He moved a step away from the hedge on which he had been leaning.

"Well, give us a shake, anyway!" he said, extending his hand.

Clasping her hands behind her back, Mary turned quickly and entered the house. Her visitor did not linger. His swagger was less

pronounced than usual as he walked away. He was certainly discomfited—he may have been ashamed; his soul may not have been entirely dead to the whisperings of conscience.

The passing of Dan Mulhall through the village, for it was no more, created a nine days' gossip. The remarks that followed in his wake, some even made to his face, were not at all complimentary. He was called a "bare-faced villain," a "disgrace to his town and family," a "loud-mouthed rogue," while sundry of the village boys expressed regret that they had not seen him in order to have given him "a good batin'."

But no one said a word to Mary of her recalcitrant lover—that is not the way of the Irish. Indeed, people were heard to remark that she seemed more cheerful than ever since the flying visit of her faithless swain.

One Autumn day as she was returning from an errand she met her pastor, Father McQueen, in front of the presbytery. After a few words of inquiry concerning the health of her grandmother, the priest said;

"You're often in my thoughts lately, Mary. I had half a mind to go down two or three times to have a talk with you."

"You're always welcome, Father Tom. I'm wonderin' though, what you'd have to say to me."

"Can't you guess?"

"No, Father Tom. I was never good at guessin'."

"Well, I'll not beat about the bush, my girl. 'Tis about Ned Callopy, Mary Callaghan. You ought to marry him. Why don't you?"

She did not reply. "There's not a finer boy in the county than that same Ned."

"That's high praise, Father Tom," she answered. "But he deserves every bit of it."

"Why don't you take him, then? I know he has asked you, and that more than once. It was on account of you refusing him that he left. I firmly believe that in the bottom of your heart you have a wish for him, and if it wasn't for that rogue Mulhall comin' between you, you'd have been man and wife years ago. That was a foolish thing out and out, Mary."

"I had made a promise, Father Tom."

"And who broke it? It wasn't you?"

"No, Father Tom."

"Surely you are not holding to it still?"

Mary could not help smiling. "Oh, no! No!" she replied.

"It is well you escaped him. Thank God for it!"

"I do, Father Tom."

"Harken to my advice then, Mary. You'll never regret it; but if you don't take him,

when you find yourself a lonely old maid, you'll be sorry for it."

"Do you think no one but Neddy would have me, Father Tom?" asked Mary roguishly.

"There's many a one that would run their legs off for you,—but Neddy and you were made for each other. And as I said before, if you don't recognize the fact now you will some day, and be sorry for it. Remember that."

As Mary walked slowly home that afternoon her thoughts were long long thoughts.

The week before Christmas old Peter came to tell her that he was returning to Ballinatrav. "This place doesn't agree with me as well as home," he said. "Ned will be back in a day or two, and if you'll take any advice Mary, you'll soon be havin' him in to help you take care of the old grandmother."

"How do you know he'd come?" she asked, resolved to put a bold face on the matter.

He looked at her sharply. "One thing I do know," he said. "He's thinkin' of goin' to Australia."

"Indeed!" replied Mary, but he noticed that her cheek paled as she spoke.

"That was a good stroke," he chuckled inwardly. "Will you have him in?" he inquired with his shrewd smile.

"How do you know he'll come?" she asked again.

"He will if you bid him."

"What do you take me for, Peter Baynes! If I bid him! If he waits till that day he'll never set foot across this threshold."

"Without it he'll never come then, Mary," said Peter. "I know what happened this Christmas twelve months ago. He told me. He'll not break the vow he took under the shadow of the Stable of Bethlehem. That's all I have to say on the subject, but ponder it well in your heart, my girl, ponder it in your heart!"

"You've said quite enough," she answered. "Quite enough, Peter."

Her cheeks were crimson, her eyes burning, her heart beating wildly in her breast. Mary's blood was up. Peter smiled to himself.

"Well, now since all's said that's goin' to be, I'll go in the room by your lave an' tell the old woman good-bye."

As Mary set out for Mass early Christmas morning she saw smoke issuing from Neddy's chimney. He knelt in front of her during the services. But, though she purposely slackened her homeward steps so that if inclined he might catch up to her on the road, he did not avail himself of the tacit invitation.

She passed the day in a mingled tremor of expectation and disappointment. Several of the neighbors came in to wish the compliments of the season to the lonely woman, but Ned Callopy was not among them.

When they were alone again—some time between six and seven—the old woman, now bedridden but still full of life and its purposes, called her granddaughter to her side.

"They tell me Neddy Callopy is back, Mary," she said.

"Yes, Granny, he is."

"Why didn't you mention it?"

"I didn't know it till this mornin'. I saw him at Mass. And there's been people comin' and goin' all day since."

"I'd like for to see him—the good boy!" said the grandmother.

"Maybe he'll step over tonight," answered Mary, in a tone that carried no conviction.

"I don't think so, Mary. I've been told lately what I never knew before, that 'twas yourself sent him away. Peter Baynes put a flea in my ear." Her voice grew louder.

"What a shameful thing," she said. "What a degradin' thing, my child, to be waitin' and yearnin' these long, long years for one that forgot you almost as soon as he left you. Yes, wearyin' and mournin' for the false love, when there's one at your door that's wanted you all his life. I did not think it of you, Maureen, I did not."

"I'm wearyin' and waitin' for one—it's not him anyway," answered Mary promptly. "He's been married this long time, and I'm glad, glad that it is so. I never shed one tear for him, Granny."

"When did you hear it, and why didn't you ever tell me? They're greatly mistaken that thinks I haven't me five senses as clear as ever I had."

"Granny, Granny," replied Mary, bending over to kiss the wrinkled cheek on which a tear-drop glistened. "There's no one thinks that. 'Twas that I couldn't bear to soil our lips with his name that I did it."

"But you'll tell me now, Mary?"

"I will some day, but not on this blessed Christmas night when we're counseled to have good will for all?"

"And have you a bad heart agen him, Maureen?"

"No, Granny, no. I wish him no evil. I seldom think of him at all, and then I ask Almighty God to forgive him, and give thanks that I was spared such a cross as he would have proven to be."

For a time there was silence in the little bed-

room. Then the old woman took her rosary from under her pillow, as she said:

"We'll say the five Joyful Mysteries in honor of Our Saviour's birth and for my special intention. Kneel down. There's a good child!"

Mary knelt at the bedside, answering the prayers which the grandmother recited aloud. When the rosary was finished Mary got up, and the old woman said in a tone which admitted of no denial:

"Go over and knock at Neddy Callopy's door and say to him that your Granny is wishin' for him to come over and have a cup of tea and a bit of cake this Christmas night."

Mary knew that remonstrance would be useless. Without replying, she left the room on her disagreeable errand. The next moment she found herself crossing the space between the two cottages. Timidly she knocked at the door.

"Come in," said Neddy, opening it.

"Mary!" he exclaimed, taken by surprise. "Is anything wrong with the Grandmother? And you haven't even a shawl about you this frosty night!"

How like him that was, she thought in the midst of her confusion. Always thoughtful of others—always kind; but she made no advancing step.

"Granny sent me over to ask you to have a cup of tea with us, as you're alone," she replied. "She's wishful to have a chat with you. I fear she won't take no for an answer. And she's old, Neddy."

"And why should she have to take no for an answer, the dear woman?" he said. "I'm sure I'm only too glad to oblige her; she was always good to me. I'll be with you in a moment."

Mary waited in the open doorway while he covered the fire and took the shining kettle from the hob where he had just placed it, preparatory to getting his own cup of tea. Everything in the room was exquisitely neat and clean.

"You're a good housekeeper, Neddy," she said as he joined her.

"I learned the trade long ago," he answered, and closed the door.

"Mary," called the grandmother from her bed, as she heard their footsteps on the floor of the kitchen. "Have you Neddy with you?"

"Yes, Granny, he's here."

"Bring him in to me."

After the first few words of greeting she took his hand in hers.

"Welcome home," she said. "I know many a good thing of you, but two days ago I heard the best."

"What's that, Granny?" he asked, smiling.

"That you had wanted to marry the finest

girl in the whole of Waterford, and the best-lookin'."

Mary shrank back into the shadow of the curtain; she could not bear that he should see her face. Who was that stranger that had captured the faithful heart she had rejected?

"That is so. Who told you, Granny?"

"Peter Baynes."

"He knew it. He told you no lie."

"And he said more: that, because in an angry moment she refused you and bade you never ask her a certain question, you vowed on Christmas night in the face of the Infant Jesus that you never would again."

"That is true, as well," replied the young man. "Can a man—should a man break his solemn oath?"

"No, if it be a right oath. But tell me, Neddy, supposin' there was someone who had a right, and was fond of ye both, and would bid that foolish girl come out of her hidin' place an' lay her hand in yours, would you refuse it, Neddy? Would you, now?"

"I would not," replied Neddy bravely. "I would be the happiest moment of my life could such a thing be possible."

"Mary Callaghan, come out from behind the bed curtain," commanded the old woman. "Come, this minute."

Blushingly Mary obeyed. The grandmother seized her hand and folded Neddy's over it.

"Take her," she said, "And it's right glad she is to go to you, for all her shyness."

"Granny!" cried Mary, trying vainly to free her hand from the clasp that held it firm and fast.

"I'll never let you go now, Mary!" said Neddy. "Never!"

"'Tis the truth that she fretted for you, the simple truth," continued the old woman, her cap awry, her wavy white hair peeping from beneath it, her eyes dancing with joy though the tears overflowed them. "And now, be off, the two of ye, to the bright fire and the joyful kettle, for I hear it singin' bravely. And when the tea is ready, remember, Mary, that I'm thirstin' for a big bowl of it, hot, sweet—and strong."

This is a Bread and a Fountain, whereof the more a man eats the more he hungers, and the more he drinks the more he thirsts.—St. Paulinus of Nola.

Emmanuel

No more to Palestine must all mankind
A journey undertake, their God to find,
For in our midst Emmanuel,
"God with us," day and night doth dwell.

The Infallible Physician

MRS. J. T. WHIPPLE

"But, generous God, how well Thou dost provide
For erring judgment an unerring guide!"—Dryden.

NOT only did Christ leave with man the Divine Remedy, "for the healing of the nations," but He provided a school of accredited trained spiritual physicians which has supplied in every age dispensers of the healing balm of Faith unto life eternal.

The Physician thus appointed and acting through Christ's system of organized living authority, divinely guided, is infallible. His diagnosis and recommendations with regard to spiritual conditions are safe, certain, and indisputable. What relief to sin-sick and weakened humanity is thus offered!—An opportunity to consult a friend-physician, skilful and sure in the application of Christ's own remedy for all maladies of the soul arising from loss of faith or morals.

Truth is the divinely appointed remedy for all soul sickness. Our Lord said: "They that are well have no need of a physician but they that are sick. For I came not to call the just but sinners."—Mark 2:17. Christ regarded and treated sin as a malady resulting not only from perversity of will but also from ignorance of truth. His first step in the restoration of the sufferer was to remove the cause. He treated a sin-sick world, seated in ignorance and vice, to the wonderful enunciation of the Word of Life.—The Light of His Gospel shining unto health, peace, and life eternal.

Multitudes suffering from every imaginable disorder resulting from the lack or misapplication of the principles of true religion and morals, crave the Divine Remedy. But it was prescribed by the Great Physician and must be used as He directed, and they are at a loss where to apply for the advice and treatment which would allay their distemper, cool their feverishness.

Great masses are self-medicated and for that reason continue sick; and thus humanity declines and the wounds of society gape and fester with the saving Remedy and the Infallible Physician close at hand.

Who has destroyed trust in the Infallible Physician alone capable of applying the true specific? Who has concocted man-made remedies and unauthoritatively appointed guides for the treatment of the spiritually ill? Who took the *Materia Medica* from the Sacred College of Physicians and put it into the hands of "the unlearned and unstable to wrest to their own destruction"?—2 Peter 3:16.

Reason is able to detect the absence of contradiction in all doctrines offered upon Divine Authority, but it cannot locate these doctrines, it must be guided. It must apply for the remedy.

There is only one hope for the rescue of civilization today and that is to acknowledge the credentials of the physicians whom Christ has provided for the "dispensing of the mysteries" of His wonderful panacea for the ills of spiritually-sick humankind.

To locate the Infallible Physician we must trace Divine Authority as conferred upon the twelve apostles to be handed down through the ages.

"As the Father hath sent me, I also send you."—John 20:21. "Going therefore, teach all nations . . . teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and behold I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world."—Matth. 28:19,20. "And the things which thou hast heard of me by many witnesses, the same commend to faithful men, who shall be fit to teach others also."—2 Tim. 2:2. "He that heareth you, heareth me; and he that despiseth you, despiseth me."—Luke 10:16.

We must put the test of Apostolicity to Christianity and start with the church basing its perpetuity on the principle of Loving Authority Divinely Commissioned to preserve and teach Christ's doctrine.

Christ's Gospel, as taught by His divinely authorized guides, produces unity of faith, the only safe basis for morals. It is the divinely appointed remedy for the supreme evil that afflicts the world—sin. It is the only remedy that can heal the infirmities of souls and produce a healthy condition of society. "All other remedies and preventatives are the remedies and preventatives of quacks and charlatans."

God, "who will have all men to be saved and to come to the knowledge of truth," (1 Tim. 2:4), provided that His doctrine should be handed down intact, that in no age since His coming need the world drift into error, unbelief and corruption unless men through indifference and neglect of His command to obey the truth should prefer darkness to light.

Christ's duly appointed apostles and teachers will carry on his work "all days" until the end of time. His healing doctrine will continue to be dispensed by reliable physicians of souls until the number of His elect shall be filled. "For there is one God and one mediator of God and men, the man Christ Jesus: whereunto I am appointed a preacher and an apostle, (I say the truth, I lie not) a doctor of the Gentiles in faith and truth."—1. Tim. 2:5,7.

St. John of Matha

A. C. MCK.

ST. JOHN OF MATHA gladly sacrificed high rank and many worldly advantages for the glory of God and the good of his neighbor. His life from childhood until his death at the age of fifty-three was an almost unbroken service in the relief of the poor and distressed and the salvation of souls. As a child his chief delight was serving the poor, and he often told them he came into the world for no other purpose than to be their servant.

The redemption of captives has always been regarded in the Church as a work of mercy, as is testified by the lives of many Saints who devoted themselves to this task. The charity of St. John in devoting his life to this work was in a special manner sanctioned by God. Sent by his parents to the University of Paris to complete his studies, he was advised by his teachers to become a priest, in order that his distinguished talents might be of greater service to others, and for this end John gladly made the sacrifice. At his first Mass an angel appeared, clad in white, with a red and blue cross on his breast, and his hands resting on the heads of a Christian and a Moorish captive. To learn what this signified, John visited a holy hermit, St. Felix of Valois, under whose direction he led for a time a life of severe penance. The angel again appeared, and St. Felix and St. John set out on a pilgrimage to Rome to learn the will of God from the Sovereign Pontiff. The Holy Father told them to devote themselves to the redemption of Christian captives from the infidel in the Musselman countries, where Christian prisoners were sold as slaves. Moreover, they suffered not only cruel and inhuman treatment, but were persecuted and often tortured on account of their religion. To them liberation meant not only relief from slavery, but also from conditions that were dangerous to faith and morals. For this purpose St. John and St. Felix founded the Order of the Holy Trinity or Trinitarians.

That the undertaking might be successful, the new order gathered funds throughout Europe. The funds being collected, the ransomers set sail. Their trials now began. To the dangers of the journey were added the epidemic diseases of the African coast, the outrages of natives, and Musselman fanaticism cost several lives. The most trying part of the task, however, was the choice of captives, the entreaties of the prisoners, and the price of the ransom. Often when their resources were exhausted, the Trinitarians took the place of the slaves until the arrival of fresh funds.

Not only sincere piety, but a spirit of faith so exalted as to be ambitious of martyrdom, was frequently found among the captives, and it can be imagined with what great joy this suffering people welcomed the Fathers who came not only to alleviate their sufferings, but to extend the consolation of the sacraments, and to give to them in Holy Communion Jesus, the Strength of Martyrs.

The number of the ransomed during the first three centuries of the order's existence is estimated at 90,000. The most famous among them was Cervantes, author of "Don Quixote" and other classics. He spent five years in captivity. After several unsuccessful attempts to escape, he was redeemed by the Trinitarians in 1580.

St. John on his second return from Tunis brought back one hundred and twenty liberated slaves. While at sea the Moors attacked and overpowered the vessel. Taking away the rudder and sails, they left the ship and all on board to the mercy of the winds. St. John tied his cloak to the mast, and prayed, saying: "Let God arise, and let his enemies be scattered. O Lord, Thou wilt save the humble and wilt bring down the eyes of the proud." Suddenly the wind filled the small sail, and without guidance, carried the ship safely in a few days into port.

St. John is honored in the Holy Sacrifice of the Altar on February 8. The collect of the Mass reads: "O God, who through St. John didst vouchsafe by a special providence to establish the Order of the Most Holy Trinity for the redemption of captives from the Saracens, grant, we beseech Thee, that through his prayerful merits we may, by Thine assistance, be delivered from slavery of soul and body."

By the reception of the Eucharist our bodies cease to be corruptible and receive the pledge of a glorious and eternal resurrection.—St. Irenaeus.

Devotion to the Blessed Sacrament must be the pivot of our interior life. Hence let us visit It often, if but for a few moments at a time.

Candlemas

P. K.

O happy Simeon! thy eyes
Behold thy God, for in thy arms he lies,
Whilst thy enraptured spirit cries:
"In peace I now depart."

Yet, why should I so envy thee,
When He, Whom thou hast longed to see,
The Savior, Jesus, comes to me
And rests within my heart?

The Gentle Izaak Walton

JAMES STEPHEN WHITE

"My Maudlin and I both love anglers, they be such honest, civil, quiet men."

The best fisherman I know believes that nothing can be fundamentally wrong with one whose heart is large enough to hold some sort of affection for anything that is slighted by the professionally shaved and washed. The latter search for beauty among jewelry stores, mountain ranges, by the shore of the sea, or down great, heavily wooded valleys, but the former traces his clue everywhere—through dirty little crooked streets, scrubby patches of woodland, brown prairies with mudholes oozing about, and the low green swamps where no flower blooms save the red wild iris and the purple flag and no bird sings save the blackbird whose wing is tipped with flame.

Such a hearty fellow does not always indulge his literary moods on tall, commanding heights. Dusty and forbidding the masters stand, neglected on his shelves; but many and many a cozy evening is spent with Prior, and many a day with Burns; there are times when he would toss them all aside for a copy of Izaak Walton, who cared more for a meadow than a park, and more for a little river than the vast and stormy sea. The choicest literature for him is the product not of an intense concentration, but of odd hours of rambling reflection; and while this may not possess the drive and power of the other, and is not so compelling, its simplicity can bring one to a fine and peaceful attitude—a sunlit level of serenity.

And now to speak of Izaak Walton's book, with deference to all those honest folk who have been fascinated with its quiet flavor, and with the hope that I shall not sway one line from Thomas Westbrook's charge that "the Compleat Angler is essentially a book to be loved, and to be discoursed of lovingly." Of course, one does not approach Walton waving a fly rod, with the determination to loot his rippling sentences of every ounce of angling lore, but for a relief from the syncopation with which we are surfeited, and a bit of blessed philosophy. He was a man with enough of the good faith in him to set a true value upon the relation of things. In the union of body and soul in man he found an eminently practical arrangement. For him the things of earth were pleasant to see, and the songs of earth pleasant to hear, but always, in flower and star and singer and flowing brook, his spirit saw a mighty symbolism: that heaven and earth and all things therein reflect a divine order, a supreme vision.

Upon the stress of commerce and of politics he turned a mildly questioning look—wondering what sound necessity in the hearts of these could justify their clamorous insistence upon recognition.

"No life so happy and so pleasant," Piscator tells his scholar, "as the life of a well-governed angler; for when the lawyer is swallowed up with business, and the statesman is preventing or contriving plots, then we sit on cowslip banks, hear the birds sing, and possess ourselves in as much quietness as these silent, silver streams, which we now see glide so quietly by us. Indeed we may say of angling as Dr. Boteler said of strawberries: 'Doubtless God could have made a better berry, but doubtless God never did.'"

Surely ours must be a plenteous gratitude to Walton and all men who teach in his fashion; for they have made us understand the joy of simple things. Of course simplicity can be harsh as well as consoling, because it is so fundamental a quality, and yet the men who have helped to make the world a nicer place to live in have always been simple men—clergymen humble enough to cling to the path of sacrifice—statesmen unsophisticated enough to believe that they could remain in power without chicanery; business enterprisers straightforward enough to know that they could succeed without unfairness to workmen or consumer, anglers clear thinking enough to find, like Walton, a good deal of merit in all fish, big or little, chub or salmon. I mention anglers here, instead of poets or painters, first because the essay concerns an angler who, unlike poet or painter, was so modest as to make this statement: "And he that likes not the book, should like the excellent picture of the trout"; second, because anglers teach, as well as their more frenzied brethern, the extraordinary beauty of most ordinary things—the delight of the morning sunshine in forest and swamp and huddled town, the exhilaration that follows the sudden rush of rain, the fragrance of the comely meadow, the pleasant humdrum chirp of the cricket, and the blessed grey twilight coming down the hills.

But before a man be taught to appreciate these things, he must have a strain of the old-fashioned morality in him, a nature antipathetic to the scurrilous and mean, the coarse and the unjust. Piscator reproaches his scholar: "Your host is not to me a good companion, for most of his conceits were either Scripture

jests or lascivious jests, for which I count no man witty, for the devil will help a man inclined that way to the first; and his own corrupt nature to the latter." And after the scholar assimilates some of the contemplativeness that is the reward of angling, he agrees with the master of the gentle art that "he and he only possesses the earth as he goes toward the Kingdom of Heaven by being humble and cheerful, and content with what his good God has allotted him." One would expect a bit of drollity in a master with such a temperament, and is not disappointed when Venator is given the secret of that recipe "which is too good to be told but in a learned language, lest it should be made common," or when he is advised to "Tie the frog's leg to the arming-wire of a hook, and in so doing, use him as though you loved him."

Scattered through all that Walton wrote are pure touches of humanness that will rid the reader entirely of any preconception he may have formed that here was the work of an impossibly placid old man, who cared for nothing at all but to hunt for insects that would best tempt the perch or trout. Instead he finds that "The Compleat Angler" as well as the various "Lives" are the handiwork of a lusty fellow who loved a good song in the morning and a smashing one at night; delighted in "fresh sheets that smell of lavender"; and freely indulged his taste for hearty meals.

"Come, hostess," he shouts, displaying a large trout, "dress it presently, and get us what other meat the house will afford and give us some of your best barley wine, the good liquor that our honest forefathers did use to drink of; the drink which preserved their health, and made them live so long, and do so many good deeds."

Now sitting beside the shady sycamore, he repeats for the entertainment of field and stream the song of the gypsies:

"Bright shines the sun; play, beggars, play,
Here's scraps enough to serve today."

And again, gathering his comrades about the alehouse table, how he roars out the jovial tune that goes:

"Oh the gallant fisher's life,
It is the best of any!
'Tis full of pleasure, void of strife,
And 'tis beloved of many!"

Then, perhaps, each man to drink "the other cup, and to bed, and thank God we have a dry house over our heads."

Of course the charm of Walton's work is connected with the fact that he attempted no pretence, and tried for no striking effects, but wove his personality quite unconsciously (we

could never think of him as a conscious literary artist) into every line. None but a very hard-shelled pedant would be brazen enough to criticize the technique of his prose, or censor the old-fashioned make-up of his verse. His muse is archaic, and rambles quaintly, but it is natural, and robustly human. And what honest man will quarrel with those qualities? It is worthwhile remembering that when Edmund Goss planned a new life of Donne to supplant Walton's, he was warned by Austin Dobson:

"You write your life of Donne. 'Twill be
A masterpiece of sympathy!
But will you catch old Izaak's phrase
That glows with energy of praise?
Old Izaak's ambling unpretence
That flames with untaught eloquence?
Will you? I pause for a reply,
And you must answer, Friend, not I."

The attractiveness of Walton lies partly in the charm of an Elizabethan manner: This cannot be denied. But always we remember him more and love him most for the happy composure with which he views the business of living. In the disordered middle of the seventeenth this gift was his in gracious measure. Parties fought parties, and fought themselves, constitutions were overthrown, set up, and thrown down again; ministers fled the country and a king was beheaded; but while the furious merging of political and religious fever boiled and tossed, Walton found in the permanence of quiet Nature a promise that the future would be bright. And for this we turn to him again and again, amid the tumult and pitching of a shaky social order, that we may not lose sight of the majestic faith that is past all disaster, and the eternity that is beyond all thought.

Venator is speaking: "So when I would beget content, and increase confidence in the power, and wisdom, and providence of Almighty God, I will walk the meadows by some silent stream, and there contemplate the lilies that take no care, and those very many other various little living creatures, that are not only created but fed, man knows not how, by the goodness of the God of Nature, and therefore trust in Him. This is my purpose; and so let everything that hath breath praise the Lord; and let the blessing of St. Peter's master be with mine."

Piscator: "And upon all that are lovers of virtue, and dare trust in His providence, and be quiet, and go a-angling."

The Blessed Sacrament is the Queen of Sacraments. No others can compare with it; for while the others bring us the precious gifts of Jesus, this brings us what is unspeakably more precious, Jesus, God and Man, Himself.—Faber.

Notes of General Interest

FROM THE FIELD OF SCIENCE

—Concrete bridges are rapidly coming into prominence. This is due to the low cost, speed of construction, and architectural beauty.

—In the domain of pure science, much progress is being made in securing a mathematical formula for locating the special lines of elements.

—The significant thing in radio development during the past year has been the 'furniture.' The radio receiving set has come down from the attic to take its place in aristocratic dress beside the piano and the phonograph.

—For the first time in many years the total length of track for railroads in the United States has fallen below 250,000 miles. Fewer cars and engines are being built. In marked contrast is the development of the automobile and truck industry. At the present writing there are about 12,500,000 cars in the United States. The increasing radius of operation for these cars demands uniform traffic laws, and steps to this end are under way. An inventive genius can make a fortune by devising an automatic method for the control of the richness of the mixture. Another invention greatly desired is 'gearless gearing' or substitute for the awkward gear shift.

—Bed sores are prevented by a recently patented bed spring and mattress. The mattress is made in four sections which can be removed individually so as to create air currents around the body.

—Shorthand by radio is one of the novelties for radio reception. Several schools in New York City had their pupils to take dictation from a central broadcasting station. A station in England broadcasts in several different languages to enable language students to learn the spoken word.

—Fish to fight yellow fever! Any means that will suppress mosquitoes will also suppress yellow fever. Draining stagnant water to prevent breeding of mosquitoes and covering the water with oil to kill their larva have been very effective. Recent attempts have been made, and with success, to utilize fish for eating the larva. Species of fish have been found that will live in barrels, jars, and cans, where the larva of the mosquito breed.

—The bubonic or black plague is checked by cold weather. The result has been traced to the checking of the rat flea which transfers the plague virus. This flea is very susceptible to cold weather.

—Farmers own nearly one-third of the automobiles in this country. In proportion to the population, the greatest number of cars are owned in villages, where nine per cent of our total population own twenty per cent of the total automobiles.

—Will a single electric wire from a distant point bring light, heat, power, telephone, and wired wireless broadcasting into your home? All this is promised by the so-called 'Super-Power,' which proposes electrical

generating plants in the great coal fields, or near sources of great water power. Instead of coal being shipped over the railroads, electrical energy will be sent over the wires. Telephone messages can also be sent over high-power transmission lines into the homes of the consumer. This is what brings the vision of wired wireless without static. Even more. It has been shown that a carrier current can be used to control operations at a distance.

—A million and a half lives were saved last year, according to the low death rate compared with the death rate of 1880. The result is said to be due to the advance in the prevention and cure of disease.

—The Navy's large dirigible balloon will try to reach the North Pole next summer. A member of Stefansson's Arctic expedition claims from his experience that the chance of success is but one in seven.

—World-wide broadcasting is near at hand. A central station broadcasts a concert of highest quality on low wave lengths that can be picked up by special stations for re-broadcasting in their respective districts.

—Mush, a little fish, and onions, these only, and three times a day, are given as reasons for sound teeth and good health on the island of Porto Santo in the Madeira group. Decayed teeth are conspicuous by their absence. There is also a remarkable freedom from digestive trouble and malignant disease, especially cancer. In view of the rigorous diet, few sick people will frequent the island as a health resort.

—Liquid fuel in the form of oil is supplanting coal for steamships. Many of the older vessels have changed from coal to oil, but the change is largely a compromise, since complete reconstruction for most economical use is too expensive. The newer vessels, designed as oil burners, show greater speed and efficiency, better economy and safety.

—Amateur telephone broadcasting from Europe was received in America for the first time last November.

—Artificial petroleum made in a Laboratory from vegetable oils is announced from Europe. No mention is made of the expense necessary, but the experiments are blazing the way to the production of gasoline and kerosene from cheap vegetable oils. Incidentally, the experiments may throw some light on the dispute as to the origin of the true petroleum oil.

—New insects are being found and classified at the rate of six thousand a year.

—The automobile industry offers for the coming year better values for the money invested than ever before. The improvements are in refinements of standard ideas rather than in radical inventions: the six cylinder car has graduated into the less than one thousand dollar class; an eight cylinder car eliminates vibration; the advantages of four brakes instead of two is still hotly disputed. Whilst in theory, four brakes work better than two, yet there is a question of actual

conditions. The motorist who neglects keeping his two brakes in proper condition, will certainly be as neglectful with a more complicated four brake system. Many experts maintain that the two-wheel brakes, when kept in proper condition, are adequate in all emergencies for the lighter cars. Gear-shifts are offered which eliminate noise. One make of car eliminates hand gear-shift by means of a special lever on the top of the steering wheel. The lever sets the gear desired and pushing out the clutch in the usual manner shifts the gears. Low pressure, over size, or balloon, tires have good cushioning effect on rough roads. For the average motorist the most remarkable improvement is the steady reduction in price.

—Cold light and light from the walls of our rooms—will these become realities for us? The firefly and the glowworm, with their cold light, are much more efficient than man, with his hot, incandescent electric lights. Recent investigation seeks to use wall coverings which will absorb day light and re-radiate it for hours after sundown.

—Ether in the hospital will put a man to sleep, but in the house with plants it will stimulate plant life. Roses, confined for twelve hours in an air-tight chamber with a tablespoon of ether were found to awaken and sprout, and later were immune to the ordinary pests which attack roses indoors. Another method was to inject one half of a cubic centimeter of ether into the plant with an ordinary hypodermic needle. Six weeks later roses were blooming.

—'And little germs have littler germs to fight 'em.' But science uses a bigger word with a slightly different idea, and tells us of a wonderful discovery of 'bacteriophage.' Bacteriophage was discovered in 1917 by Dr. F. d'Herelle of the Pasteur Institute of Paris. It was first thought to be very small germs, but later it was found to be a ferment that can be filtered out of a culture of germs. If a small quantity of this ferment or solution be added to deadly germs, the germs are all dissolved, 'eaten' by the bacteriophage, whose name, taken from the Greek language, means literally, 'bacteria eater.' The bacteriophage promises wonderful possibilities for the fighting of infectious diseases.

—Two power plants where there was only one before, and without additional fuel expense, is the promise of a new quicksilver engine. The principle of operation has been reported before in these notes, but newer data of actual operation make further notice necessary. The quicksilver takes the place of water in a special boiler, and its vapor works like steam in a turbine engine. The economy of the engine lies in using nearly everything at least twice. For instance, the mercury vapor, after doing its work in the engine retains still enough heat to turn the condensing water into steam. This steam, after being superheated, runs an ordinary steam turbine. As a result of observations with an engine in commercial use, officials of the General Electric Co., predict a saving of fifty per cent in fuel.

—As an airship grows lighter with the consumption of fuel, part of the gas must be allowed to escape, otherwise the ship will rise too far into the air. Since the gas helium, used in the latest airship, is rather expensive, an invention has been designed to save it. The invention consists in condensing the water in the exhaust gas of the engines. The water gained will balance the fuel lost. The airship Shenandoah is to be equipped with the invention before the long cruise through the polar regions next summer.

"APPLIED SCIENCE"

—The three-mile limit is a source of irritation and irrigation.

—A locomotive has the right of way and can prove it.

—A new accessory for the autoist, and very necessary, is the first aid outfit.

—The head never begins to swell till the mind stops growing.

—The moon was on its last quarter at Christmas and so were the rest of us.

—Our citizens will soon be divided into two classes, the careless and the carless.

—The law of gravity keeps us on this earth. A child asked the teacher what kept us on before the law was passed.

REV. COLUMBAN THUIS, O. S. B.

MISCELLANEOUS

—Fathers P. J. and M. J. Buckley, twin brothers, two Massachusetts priests, celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of their ordination on December 22nd.

—Ancient Rome of classic fame, with its many subterranean passages in which the early Christians held assemblies and buried their dead, is to have a modern subway to relieve street car traffic congestion. "Barbarians" still flock to the City on the banks of the Tiber, once the pride of antiquity, now the center of Catholic Christian unity.

—Sixty thousand converts in six years, or ten thousand a year, is the rate at which England has been returning to union with Rome.

—St. Francis Xavier College, Cincinnati, has been presented with a bust of the Blessed Theresa of the Child Jesus by two Jewish citizens of the same city. May the Little Flower be instrumental in bringing these generous donors under the sweet yoke of Christ.

—Mgr. J. F. Mackin, pastor of St. Paul's Church, Washington, D. C., now 86 years of age, has just completed a \$200,000 parochial school. His next undertaking will be the construction of a new rectory.

—On December 31st occurred the fiftieth anniversary of the ordination of the Rt. Rev. Benjamin J. Keiley, formerly Bishop of Savannah, Georgia. The celebration was private. Because of the loss of his eyesight, the Bishop resigned his See in February, 1922.

—John McCormack, the noted Irish tenor, served at the Mass in which his youngest brother, James McCormack, became the husband of Miss Gertrude Murphy. The ceremony was performed shortly after Christmas

in the Church of the Blessed Sacrament, New York City.

—Eleven of the Oberammergau Passion Players have come to this country to exhibit the craftsmanship of their fellow citizens.

—Rev. Alphonse J. Smith, D. D., pastor of St. Joan of Arc Church, Indianapolis, a native of the Hoosier State, who was recently appointed to the See of Nashville, is the youngest of a family of twelve children. Two sisters became Ursulines and two others entered the Sisters of Providence at St. Mary-of-the-Woods, near Terre Haute. An only brother, Rev. George Smith, is pastor of St. Philip Neri Church, Indianapolis. Both made their philosophical and theological studies at Rome. Dr. Smith has one nephew in the priesthood and another in the seminary preparing for the sacerdotal state.

—Tragic was the death of Rev. F. J. Ruppert, S. J., of St. Joseph's Church, Nome, Alaska, who froze to death on Christmas eve while making his way with a supply of Christmas gifts for the orphans and the Sisters at Hot Springs, north of Nome. He had nearly reached his destination when, as it appears, his dog team became frightened and left him. "Mink," the leader of the team, however, remained faithfully at his master's side and had to be captured before the rescuing party could come near the body of the unfortunate victim.

BENEDICTINE

—After having spent forty-six of his fifty-one years in the priesthood as missionary among the Sioux Indians of North Dakota, Rev. Jerome Hunt, O. S. B., died on December 27th. Father Jerome was born in Baden, Germany, on December 5, 1848. As a youth of seventeen he emigrated to America, going to St. Meinrad, Indiana, to prepare himself for the priesthood in the Benedictine Order. On December 18, 1868, he made his religious profession, and on September 12, 1872, the order of priesthood was conferred upon him. For five years he was active partly in the classroom and partly in the neighboring missions. In 1877 Father Jerome joined his superior, the Rt. Rev. Abbot Martin Marty, O. S. B., who later became the first Bishop of Dakota Territory, but who was then laboring among the Sioux Indians. Father Jerome's first appointment was at the Indian mission on the Standing Rock Reservation, where he remained for five years. He was then transferred to Fort Totten, near Devil's Lake, where he remained to the end among his beloved Indians.—Father Jerome was indefatigable in his zeal for the conversion of the Indian. That he might accomplish this end the more effectively, he translated into the Sioux tongue the Bible history, which he published in 1891. The following year, with the able assistance of Bro. Giles Laugel, O. S. B., he established for the Indians a monthly, the *Sina Sapa Wocakiye Taeyanpaha*, Herald of the Catholic Faith, which had to be discontinued two years ago because the infirmities consequent on advanced age obliged the venerable missionary to

lay aside the editorial quill. He was greatly rejoiced, as may well be imagined, when he learned last summer that a resolution had been adopted at the Indian Congress that convened in July at Marty, South Dakota, to resume in 1924 the publication of the monthly. In 1899 he gave the Indians, likewise in their own language, a book of prayers, instructions, and hymns.—The funeral of the deceased hero was held at Fort Totten on December 29th. Father Ambrose Mattingley, O. S. B., for some years the companion of Father Jerome, and now his successor, in the care of the missions, celebrated *coram episcopo* the Solemn Requiem at the funeral. Many priests of the Fargo Diocese were present at the obsequies. Father Ambrose preached to the Indians in their own language; Very Rev. Father Egan, of Fargo, and the Rt. Rev. James O'Reilly, Bishop of Fargo, both preached in English. The remains of the valiant soldier were then laid to rest among those for whom his life had been consumed. On the morning of the funeral Father Jerome's brethren at St. Meinrad, Indiana, chanted the Office of the Dead for the repose of his soul and celebrated a Solemn Requiem.

—On his fifty-first birthday, December 19, 1923, the Rev. Ignatius Staub, O. S. B., Ph. D., was elected Abbot of Einsiedeln, to succeed Rt. Rev. Thomas Aq. Bossart, O. S. B., S. T. D., whose death occurred on December 9th. Abbot-elect Ignatius made his vows as a Benedictine on September 8, 1893. He has been a priest since July 16, 1899.

—Rev. Boniface Verheyen, O. S. B., of St. Benedict's Abbey, Atchison, Kansas, died on December 23rd. Father Boniface, who was a native of Prussia, was born May 22, 1845. In his youth he came to St. Louis and from there he went to St. Benedict's where he became a member of the Order. On August 15, 1866, he made his vows as a Benedictine and three years later he was ordained to the priesthood. The long years of his sacred ministry bore abundant fruit in the school, the pulpit, the confessional, and wherever else duty called him. The Rt. Rev. Abbot Martin Veth, O. S. B., celebrated a Pontifical Requiem at the funeral, which took place two days after Christmas.

—The Benedictine Sisters of St. Scholastica Convent, Shoal Creek, Arkansas, have broken ground for convent and academy that are to be erected on a forty-acre tract near Fort Smith.

—According to the *Morning Star*, for December, 1923, the College paper at Conception, Missouri, the Rt. Rev. Abbot Philip Ruggle, O. S. B., of Conception Abbey, underwent an operation for appendicitis in November. The patient was reported as recovering from what had been a very critical condition. We are happy to note that his Lordship was able to celebrate Pontifical High Mass on the feast of Epiphany.

—The writer of the "Benedictine Chronicle" in the November number of THE GRAIL stated that in 1920 there were in the United States thirty convents with 3,800 Benedictine Sisters, who had been trying for the

past three years to erect congregations such as the monks have. In closing, he expressed the desire that, by uniting in a confederation they might come back to the pristine observance of their second mother St. Walburga. A confrère in a western state takes *THE GRAIL* to task for this statement. In a personal letter to the editor he says: "You speak of the Benedictine Sisterhood in the United States as a still largely unorganized body of religious women wearing the Benedict garb, leaving the impression that their community life is much of a haphazard affair, still wanting not a little to come up to the requirements of the sacred canons governing their practice as laid down by their founder and approved by the Church." By the same mail he sent us a copy of the "Declarations and Constitutions of the Congregation of St. Scholastica," which comprises the communities of St. Scholastica, Atchison, Kansas; St. Joseph, St. Mary, Pennsylvania; St. Benedict, Erie, Pa.; St. Scholastica, Chicago; Sacred Heart, Lisle, near Chicago; St. Walburga, Elizabeth, New Jersey; Blessed Virgin Mary, Pittsburgh; St. Joseph, Guthrie, Oklahoma; St. Gertrude, Ridgely, Delaware; Sacred Heart, Cullman, Alabama. These communities with their dependent schools were erected into a congregation of Religious in simple vows under a general president. The Constitution and Declarations to the Holy Rule were approved by Rome on February 25, 1922, for the period of seven years that they might be tried out.

Benedictine Chronicle

DOM ADELARD BOUVILLIERS, O. S. B.

—ENGLAND:—"Meditations and Prayers of St. Anselm" is a recent volume of the "Pax" collection which we owe to the collaboration of two learned Benedictines. It is something different from the usual copies of current reprints. "A Collection of Prayers" of St. Anselm existed in the fourteenth century and was very popular but gradually many apocryphal pieces were added thereto. Through the patient researches of Dom Wilmart only those prayers which authentically belong to the saintly Doctor, Anselm, have been published in the first named volume. These consist of some twenty prayers, the quality of which is perfect. They are masterpieces of a severe and fortifying spirituality despite the style which is a little too abundant. The limpid translation is that of Dom Castel, who has preserved the suavity and strength of the original.

—An anonymous monk has given us a third edition of a book entitled, "A Day in a Cloister." The title is austere yet captivating, new yet ancient. The present work is more true than those by Dom Von Oer and Dom Bede Camm, both of which were overdone. The author reveals to the public the secrets of an existence which has become rather mysterious in this our day—that of the monk. It is solidly documented and interestingly written.

—"Scala Perfectionis," by the Ven. Walter Hilton, is a translation by Dom Noettinger and Dom Bouvet in

two volumes. (Mame, 1923). The original is 500 years old, treating of the English Mystics, which in its day enjoyed a firm and sincere appreciation. The writer was a recluse, a regular canon of Thurgaton, dying in 1396. England, at the most trying hour of her history, knew the consequences of intense religious life, recluse life especially, which gave us these soul inspiring treatises on perfection. These two volumes will be useful to those who desire to become aware of the intimate wellsprings of the monastic life.

—For the first time since the arrival of Protestantism in England a member of the royal family of that kingdom has paid a visit to a Roman Catholic Monastery. Recently the Prince of Wales, accompanied by Cardinal Gasquet, O. S. B., was a welcome guest at Downside Abbey. The Prince inaugurated the memorial services of the "Hundred Old Boys" of Downside College.

—The Holy See, and not episcopal authority, is now directing the procedure of the cause of beatification of the English Martyrs, put to death at the time of the Dissolution. The name of Dom John Roberts, O. S. B., is included in the Declaration for the Servants of God.

—"Pro Vita Monastica" is a new book by Henry Sedgwick Dwight, who is the author also of a number of other books that have appeared at intervals since 1896. He joins scholarship and charm in a manner none too common in the work of American writers. This volume of 164 pages, published by the Atlantic Monthly Press of Boston (1923), might have with equal truth been entitled "The world is too much with us," for it defends the life of the recluse and calls to mind at a moment when the reminder is profitable, the example of monks, saints and sages who have tasted the fruits of solitude. The author's opinion of Benedictine monachism is well rendered.

—Dom Gougaud, O. S. B., a learned Benedictine of Farnborough Abbey, has just issued a new translation of the Confessions of St. Augustine (404 pages). Here is a new translation of those admirable passages wherein the learned Doctor speaks of the beauty of the psalms, hymns and sacred chants of the Church. It is a translation of the twentieth century for readers of the twentieth century.

—FRANCE:—"Mount St. Michael and its Wonders" describes the Abbey, the Museum, the Ramparts, and the city. The material is taken from the notes of the Marquis de Tombelaine. This large guide has been composed in great part from the memoirs of a fisherman, under the name of de Tombelaine, so-called on account of his distinction in manners and his abode at Tombelaine, who died by drowning at sea on the third of April, 1892.

—Dom Germain Morin's "Ideal of Monastic Life and Christian Life in the Old Days" is a re-edition but not a novelty. The first edition appeared before the late war. Mr. Goyau calls it "an exquisite book." It is a book in the hand worth a hundred on the library shelf.

—**GALICIA:**—The Most Rev. Archbishop of Leopold, Lord Andrew Szeptycky, Metropolitan of Galitch in Galicia, has received permission from Rome to restore Slavic monachism under the most ancient ascetical and liturgical traditions of the Orient. Heretofore the Archbishop, himself a Basilian monk and elder, had but one "cell" at Uniow near Leopold where he revived the monastic life according to the constitutions of Saint Theodoret Studite. The document of the Holy Congregation for the Oriental Church, founded by Pope Benedict XV, in May of 1917, granted permission to Most Rev. Szeptycky to receive collaboration from the Benedictines. The future will reveal under just what form the Mechitarists, the seventh branch of the Benedictine Order, will take charge of the spiritual formation of the Studite monks. The choral observance and the practice of divine liturgy are to be conducted in all integrity according to the Byzantine rite, eliminating all alterations or innovations introduced by the Synod of Zamosk (Galicia) in 1720 codifying discipline for the rite of the Byzantine-Ruthenian-Slavonic Church.

—**BELGIUM:**—The Belgian Congregation, the youngest of the fifteen congregations of the Benedictine Confederation, erected by Pope Benedict XV, has just seen its constitution approved by Pope Pius XI for a trial of seven years. Since their erection, the Belgian monks have had a lamp installed at the tomb of Sts. Benedict and Scholastica at Monte Cassino. There are at present fifteen ever-burning lamps, commemorative of the fifteen congregations.

—**"Liturgy—Its Fundamental Principles"** is by Dom Gaspard Lefebvre, O. S. B., Prior of St. Andrew's Abbey, Lophem. This Benedictine work, not the first from the pen of St. Andrew's Prior, will, in effect, procure to God the maximum of glorification and assure to men the abundance of supernatural benefit. The day is gone when one would say: "Liturgy is a work speaking of cloisters and nocturnal offices, a learned scholar counting the lines of an old manuscript, a musician exulting at the tune of an antiphon or an alleluia, an artist who could live happily only under a Gothic roof," etc., etc. Dom Gaspard has popularized liturgy in "Liturgy."

—**"Sponsa Verbi,"** or, the Virgin Consecrated to Christ, is a posthumous work of the late Lord Abbot Columba Marmion, O. S. B., which contains spiritual conferences given to the nuns of Maredret Abbey. All the works of the late Abbot have gained universal and deserved renown. Here again we have an ascetical work manipulated with learned mastery and profound piety. These pages now given to the public will go far and wide bringing the good news of this apostle's teaching to the virgins consecrated to Christ, telling them again of the sublimity of their ideal. To many souls well-disposed who are kept in the world by the uncertainty of their motives these pages will be definite lights to a definite shore.

—**JERUSALEM:**—Dom Jeannin, with the collaboration

of his two confrères Dom Puyade and Dom Lassalle of St. Benedict Abbey, Jerusalem, announces the extensive publication of 1500 Syrian-Chaldean liturgical melodies. This collection will comprise three volumes of about 400 pages each. Up to date the first volume only has been issued. The introduction discusses deeply a number of questions interesting to the devotees of Oriental hymnology, Gregorian chant, or music in general.

—**IRELAND:**—"Gaelic Pioneers of Christianity" is another book by Dom L. Gougau, O. S. B. (Gill and Sons, Dublin, 166 pages.) The author treats of the work and influence of Irish monks and saints in continental Europe from the seventh to the twelfth centuries. It is a study to the use of the modern "Scoti." The Latin and Germanic countries owe exceedingly much to the Celts, those curious pilgrims who by taste and zeal, did not hesitate to cross the seas to preach the "good news" at a time, when almost alone, they had preserved the deposit of Christian and pagan letters. This work is written in an instructive and lively manner.

—**ROME:**—The Pontifical Superior School of Music in a homage of live admiration presented a deserving diploma to the Abbey and Congregation of Solesmes for the splendid work of the illustrious Dom Guéranger and his continuators, who, uniting in the one and same lore, faith, and science, restored the liturgical studies and brought back from the shadows of forgetfulness the antique manuscripts of the Roman chant and gave a new life to the sacred melodies of Saint Gregory. The diploma is signed by the Director, Raphael Casimiri, and its Presidents, Cardinal Gaetano Bisleti and Abbot Paolo Ferretti, O. S. B. This testimony of admiration redounds to the second founder of Solesmes, Dom Guéranger and his successors, Doms Jausions, Pothier, Mocquereau, and Gatard.

—**ITALY:**—Dom Mauro, O. S. B., has just given us a second edition of his book on the description of the Sacro Speco of Subiaco (the cave where Saint Benedict passed three full years of seclusion). It is a place of pilgrimage where behind the marble altar of the Grotto one may see the famous masterwork of sculpture of the young St. Benedict done by Raggi (1653) the disciple of Bernini. The volume, although picturesque in its pen views, is abundantly illustrated in colors. There we pass through the 'Garden of the Ravens' that were so friendly to the Saint. Daily they return to the glade and bower before the cave, as if seeking again that kindly father. We stop short on our journey and examine the miraculous rose bushes near the entrance to the lower church where Saint Benedict triumphed over temptation. The leaves of these bushes still reproduce stains of blood! The two churches, upper and lower, are gorgeous in decorations. The upper church, built in 1075, contains productions of art from its own day down to the present time. A wonderfully comprehensive history of Subiaco unfolds itself

(Continued on page 346)



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AGNES BROWN HERING

MY DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS:—This year February is almost as long as the other months for it can boast of twenty-nine days. Quite frequently during February the season of Lent begins, however, this year, Ash Wednesday does not occur until the fifth of March, and Easter Sunday will be late, the twentieth of April.

Among the holy women whose feasts are celebrated in February, is St. Bridget, who is honored on the first day. Next to the glorious St. Patrick, St. Bridget has been venerated most in Ireland. She was born about 453. Once when she was still a baby, her father beheld in vision certain signs indicating that her life was to be one of sanctity. While she was very young she consecrated her life to God, gave everything she could to the poor, and was the edification of all who knew her.

Being very beautiful of person, she greatly feared that her beauty might prove too attractive and that she might be induced to break the vow she had taken, she prayed God to make her ugly. Her prayer was answered, for she became very unpleasing to look upon because of a swollen eye and a deformed face.

When Bridget was twenty years old, she consented to receive her sacred vows. On the day on which the solemn ceremony of her profession took place, a very striking and impressive miracle occurred. The part of the wooden platform on which she knelt was covered with its former verdure, the same as when it had been growing as a tree in the forest. At the same time Bridget's eye was healed and she was restored to her former loveliness.

Several other young ladies, encouraged by her example, made solemn vows with her. The parents of the young ladies wished Bridget to erect a residence for herself and companions, and with the permission of the Bishop, the first convent in Ireland was erected. Many similar institutions were founded by her in Ireland. It was an institution of this kind which was the beginning of the town of Kildare.

After seventy years devoted to the practice of sublime virtues, St. Bridget realized that her career upon earth was about to end. It had been fifty years since she had made her holy vows, and during that time she had accomplished much for God. She had greatly advanced the cause of religion in many parts of Ireland. On the first day of February, 523, she received the Holy Eucharist and her spirit went forth to meet her blessed Lord.

Candlemas Day

The second day of February is called Candlemas Day, or the feast of the Purification of the Blessed Virgin Mary. The law of God, given by Moses to the Jews, ordained that forty days after the birth of a son, the mother was to bring to the door of the Temple a lamb, a pigeon, or a turtle dove, as an offering to God. Although there was no stain of sin in the Blessed Virgin, she humbled herself and complied with the law. The law also ordered that the first born should be offered to God and then ransomed with a certain sum of money.

It was on this day that the blessed Simeon received the Child into his arms and foretold to Mary that a sword of sorrow should one day pierce her heart. It was upon this occasion that the Blessed Simeon exclaimed, "Now dismiss Thy servant, O Lord, according to thy word, because my eyes have seen Thy salvation."

We should strive to imitate the humility of the Blessed Virgin, remembering that humility is the path that leads to peace and brings us nearer to God.

Have You had Your Throat Blessed?

St. Blase was a philosopher and a physician who became weary of the hollowness of worldly pleasures, so he resolved to spend the rest of his days in the service of God as a healer of souls. He not only instructed people by his words, but also by his example.

Agricolaus, the Governor of Cappadocia and Lesser Armenia, was ordered by the emperor to begin a persecution, and St. Blase was hurried off to prison. While on the way to prison, a mother whose child was dying of a throat disease, threw herself at his feet and implored his intercession. Saint Blase offered up prayers for the cure of the child, and it was restored to health. Since that time, the aid of St. Blase has been solicited in similar cases, and on the second of February the priest with two lighted candles, crossed, prays that St. Blase may intercede in behalf of the person whose throat he thus blesses.

St. Scholastica

Those of you who read THE GRAIL in 1923 learned about St. Scholastica in the article on the life of St. Benedict. Her feast occurs on the 10th of this month. She was devoted to God from her earliest years. Her soul ascended to God in the form of a dove. Her brother, St. Benedict, was accustomed to visit her every year. On his last visit, St. Scholastica begged him to remain longer. To do so would have been to break his rule. He refused, and his sister bowed her head and prayed. A violent storm arose, and St. Benedict could not return to the monastery. Three days later, St. Benedict saw in vision the soul of his sister going to heaven in the form of a dove.

St. Valentine's Day

"Roses are red,
Violets are blue
Sugar is sweet,
And so are you."

Are you getting ready to send valentines this year? How many shall you send? Are you planning to send something pretty, or is there someone you wish to "get even with" by sending something ugly? I beg of you, think twice before you send anything that may wound the feelings of another.

Just why do we observe Valentine day? There is a story told about St. Valentine which goes something like this:

St. Valentine was a very holy man who went about

doing a great deal of good. When he became old and infirm and could no longer visit the poor and the sick, he sent comfort to them by means of very kind letters. These letters were eagerly received and greatly cherished. After the death of this good man, his friends continued the practice of sending kindly messages on his feast day, the 14th of February, and this is why we send valentines on St. Valentine's Day.

Teddy

(Contributed)

Mother, Teddy's sleeping yet,
And the chickens say its day—
Mamma—why your eyes are wet?
Wake him up so we can play.

Mamma, do you dream nice things,
Seeing angels big and bright?
Two I saw with shining wings,
When the sandman came last night.

One came in right through the wall,
Flying over to my bed!
First he stood there—oh, so tall,
Then he bent his pretty head.

Smiling sweet, he lifted me
Up to kiss me,—Mamma, Oh,
I was happy as could be—
But my angel whispered, "No."

Then the angel put me down,
Flying to where Teddy lay,
Lifting him without a sound,
He and Teddy flew away.

But I saw them both once more—
Teddy was an angel and,
Smiling on a pearly floor,
Played in piles of golden sand.

Why, your crying, Mamma dear?
Let me kiss that tear away—
Why does Teddy sleep so queer?
Wake him up so we can play.

Honest Abe

Mary Ann, who was eleven years of age, and Dorothy, twelve, were schoolmates and very dear friends. The former was a bright and precocious child, while the latter was slow, and careless in her studies.

One day while they were going home from school, Mary Ann suddenly asked, "Dorothy, don't you think Abraham Lincoln was a great man?" As Dorothy's reply was not satisfactory, Mary Ann began to tell what she knew about Lincoln and why she thought he was so great a man.

"Just think," she said, "he was a poor little boy and his parents could not afford to send him to school. He received little education in his youth. But he was an honest and hard working boy. Why just think," went on Mary Ann, "one time he walked several miles to return a few pennies to an old lady whom he had overcharged. Most boys would have spent that money but Abe was too honest to do anything like that. It was through his hard work that he became so great. Why, he was one of the greatest presidents of the United States. Now Dorothy, don't you think you could admire a character like that?"

Dorothy said he was too homely to be admired. "Why he was as tall as a house and as awkward as could be."

"I don't care if he was," retorted Mary Ann without a moment's hesitation. "You can't always tell a book by its cover. And moreover, beauty is only skin deep. I'm sure I would rather benefit the world by my good and great deeds than by my good looks."

With this Dorothy changed her opinion, for she realized that life does not depend upon beauty alone. She felt that she had learned a lesson from her younger classmate. After that she began to take greater interest in her school work and felt that there was really something left undone in this world for her to accomplish. She was right for each and every one of us has a certain work to do.

LOUISE SEGER.

A Valuable Catch

Those of you who live in the northern part of the United States know that winter with snow on the ground is the ideal season for trapping and hunting. Not long ago up at Saskatoon, in Saskatchewan, Canada, a ten year old Indian boy set a trap for weasels. But when he went to look after his trap, he found he had caught a black animal of some kind. No, it was not a polecat with its ill-smelling perfume. These animals are black, too, with trimmings in white to add to their beauty. The Indian boy killed the animal and brought it to his father. The father took it to one of the stores of the Hudson Bay Company at Green Lake. As a reward for his catch the astonished Indian received a team of horses with harness, a sleigh, enough provisions for the whole winter, and fifty dollars besides. Now you think this is all a joke, but it isn't. The little black animal proved to be a specimen of the silver-black fox, which has very valuable fur, but which is very rarely found. Has the prairie or the woods a silver fox for you?

What's the Use?

What's the use of grumbling
When skies are dark and gray?
What's the use of mumbling,
"I've got the blues today?"
Just be chirky and cherry,
Compel the sun to shine,—
Soon you'll say, "The dreary
Old day is turning fine!"

What's the use of whining
Because you have to work?
What's the use of pining
And dawdling like a shirk?
Do the task a-smiling,
And ease it with a song,—
Under such beguiling
'Twill not seem hard or long!

What's the use of fretting
O'er every tiny thorn,
When you're surely getting
The rose that greets the morn?
Pluck it ere its beauty
Begins to fade away,—
He who looks for duty,
Shall find the flower of May!

Antony E. Anderson.

Oh! I Forgot!

How often do we not hear boys and girls make this excuse. Even when they are grown up, they often come with the same excuse. Of course everyone wants to

remember, but if a thing slips away from him, how is he going to help it? Do you forget easily? Then you must train your memory. Not so long ago the *Franciscan Herald* had a little talk with its readers on training the memory. Read carefully in the following paragraphs the instructions that it gave. Try them faithfully and see if your memory doesn't improve.

Whatever our other advantages may be, there is reason to believe that in our generation the memory is not as well trained as it was in other times. Anything that will help to cultivate so valuable a faculty is worth considering. The experience of some authorities given below may be helpful to others.

Authorities say: An impression made on the mind is never wholly effaced. The ease with which it may be recalled will depend on three primary conditions: first, the attention given, or the strength of the impression—how forcibly the event or thought may have been stamped on the brain; second, the order in which the idea may be associated with other impressions, as to time, place, etc.; third, the amount and nature of the review given—frequent repetition.

Attention, or close observation, is, of course, of first importance; but if, after close attention and review we fail to recall a thought, it may frequently be brought to mind by visiting a certain place, or at a certain time, especially if we have associated it with the time or place. Hence, to help remember we should associate thoughts as to time, place, similarity, contrast and reason for things, or cause and effect.

To recall names, one man has recourse to running over the alphabet phonetically, tracing a thought from place to place until it is recalled, or following from one thought to another. All these plans may be resorted to successfully.

Another authority says: The most important thing in committing anything to memory, or in training the memory, is attention. If one would remember anything, he must first know it; and in order to know it, it will be necessary to bring the mind to the subject before one, and hold it there long enough to get a thorough understanding of the matter to be memorized. Any haziness here will make it hard, if not impossible, to remember.

Then one must get a mental image of the thing to be remembered. He must see it. With prose, much is gained by classifying the subject matter; that is, making an abstract in one's own words. Having acquired that which one would remember, the next thing is to retain it. This can best be done by frequent review; but the review must be from memory, without book.

The matter memorized, or the knowledge acquired, must be put to use. This is imperative, as one must "use or lose." Using it will strengthen both the retentive and the recollective powers of the memory.

A method of memorizing may be stated as follows: Attention, understanding, vision, classification, review, use.

A third authority says: Resolutely determine that you will concentrate your thoughts upon, and remember, the thing which interests you. Whether prose or poetry, repeat aloud, over and over again, one or two lines in succession, from the selection chosen, frequently during the day, but always just before retiring; and then it will come clearly into your mind as soon as you awake the next morning.

Keep steadily memorizing, or the power, however good, will deteriorate. Memory of that which we see is more easily acquired and maintained than of that which we read or only hear. When alone, frequently repeat or read aloud the things learned in the past.

Always associate, if possible, the thing to be re-

membered with something which will most naturally recall it. Do not be in the habit of reading that which you do not and will not wish to remember long. By observing these rules one can remember very easily.

Here are some other hints: Learn each morning one helpful line from a spiritual book, or one inspiring quotation which may be assimilated during the day. This practice may serve the double duty of strengthening the memory and educating the mind. Train the memory by tests, such as looking at a number of things at once, then seeing how many can be mentioned by name.

Make mind pictures. "On my way to call on a friend," says one authority, "I remember that I wish to speak to her about a young girl in whom she is interested, to give her a special invitation to visit my school, to ask her about the authorship of a certain book, and to learn her recipe for chocolate cake. Before I reach my friend's house the four items have grouped themselves into a mind picture something like this: a young girl seated as a guest in my school room, reading a book and eating chocolate cake. The scheme sounds ridiculous, but it is with me a well tried one."

"I have found that the most helpful way to commit to memory a poem or an article is first clearly to analyze the thought and then learn the main word of each line or sentence. The rest is comparatively easy. To remember how the page looks is often a help."

"Here is a method for remembering and describing a list of subjects. Take a word best expressing the thought of each subject. Run the words over until memory retains their jingle. Sometimes I take the initial letters, which, when combined, are easily recalled, and each letter recalls its own word. The subjects are brought to mind in regular order, and are thus the key to the whole subject."

"Apt alliteration's artful aid" has proved useful; that is, arranging the various heads and divisions of a discourse, so that each will begin with the same letter or with letters in orderly succession. Review at night the events of the day, telling them aloud, and trying to recall even the most trivial occurrences.

"In reading a book, pause at the end of each page read, and attempt to recall it. Then re-read the page, noting specially the thoughts you have omitted. Tell stories, and relate in condensed form articles read. Punish the memory when it plays you false. If I forget to post a letter, I go back for it. My weariness and loss of time will help me not to forget again."

Weather Predictions

In evening a red-tinted horizon—bright and dry.

Dazzling sun at mid-day—rainy.

Ring around moon—rain.

Thin vapor before moon—rain. If fog rises—

clear. Fog heavy—wet.

Vapor over horizon—stormy.

Atmosphere dense—stormy.

Red sunrise—wet weather.

If sun goes down in bank of clouds—snow or rain.

New moon lying on back—a drought.

New moon upright—rain.

Clouds in east in evening—fair day.

Clouds in west at sunrise—pleasant.

The one who seeks for happiness
To crown his comrades all
Is sure to find reward himself;
His crown the best of all.

T. Martin Towne.

Going to Show Them

I've got an older brother, and another one that's new,
Got a father an' a mother, and a cat and kittens, too.
An' I've got a' Uncle Hewet, an' I've got a cousin Sam;
They don't know I'm going to do it—but I am!

I'm going through the garden, an' I'm goin' through
the gate;
An' I shan't beg no one's pardon, or come back when
it is late.
I'll take off my big lace collar, an' I'll paint some
whiskers on,
An' I'll take my silver dollar—an' be gone.

I guess I'll be a cowboy, or a sailor, or a cop;
An' no one can tell me, "Now, boy, it is time that you
should stop!"
An' I'll earn a lot of money, and be famous where I go;
An' I guess they'll all feel funny—when they know.

An' I don't mind when they "correct" me for a lot of
things I say,
For, of course, they can't expect me to remember, every
day.
I don't mind when they scold me 'cause I'm naughty
or I'm soiled,
But they hadn't oughter told me—I was spoiled!

Letter Box

Whatever has happened to the Letter Box? Why does
no one write letters? Did you think that the Letter
Contest had put an end to the Letter Box? There has
been received at the editor's desk not one letter for
months! Isn't that a shame! For pity sakes, Boys
and Girls, "pep up!" It cannot be that you are too
busy. It takes very little time to write a letter, and the
Letter Box was so interesting!

Now, I want a perfect deluge of letters for the April
issue. Please sit down and write as soon as you receive
this magazine, and tell me why you have been so neg-
lectful. Some very excellent letters have been published
in "The Corner," and we want many more just like
them. We want letters from California, Maine, the
northern states, and the southern, from all the eastern
states, from all the western states, and from the ones
in the middle. Hustle now! Do not make it necessary
for me to remind you again. I want every boy and girl,
big and little, who reads this, to write a letter to the
"Box." Tell about your winter fun, and about your
winter work. Tell about anything and everything that
is interesting. Write! Write! WRITE! WRITE!

Letter Contest

The editor cannot figure out why there has been no
response to the Letter Contest. The prizes are ready
to be mailed, but not a letter has been received. Surely,
the topics are simple. Possibly you do not know how to
handle them. Well, here are a few pointers:

AN IDEAL MARCH DAY

Just what happened to make this particular March
day ideal? Was it because of a surprise which was
unusually pleasant? Possibly several things may have
occurred to make the day ideal. You may have been in
a "peck of trouble" and the way you got out of it made
the day an ideal one for you. Perhaps you were able
to do some one a good turn which made both you and
him happy. Or was it that the weather conditions were
so delightful that you and every one about you were
excessively happy? Set your thinker to working, and
write about some March day which was ideal for you

or for someone you know. Ask your teacher, your
mother, or some grown-up to help you. Please send
in a contribution for this contest.

Subject for April, "An April Fool Joke."

Subject for May, "My Favorite Saint of the Month.
Why?"

Subject for June, "My Favorite Catholic Book. Why?"

Subject for July, "My Favorite Catholic Magazine.
Why?"

Subject for August, "My Favorite Catholic News-
paper. Why?"

Subject for September, "My Favorite Famous Paint-
ing. Why?"

Now with all of those topics before you, the editor
can see no reason why she should not receive dozens
of letters on those topics. If you cannot write on all
of them, pick out those which appeal to you, and send
your contributions in any time just so they are on
time, that is, not too late. There is no limit to the
number of prizes you may earn. Remember that your
work must be original. We want *your* thoughts, and
your expression of them. Ready! Go!

A Nose Out of Joint

We've got a baby in our house,
A perfect little fright;
I think that is the reason
It came so late at night.
His eyes keep shutting all the time,
His head is awful bare;
And he makes so many faces
It gives me quite a scare.

Mama says he is beautiful,
Her precious darling boy.
Papa calls him his jewel bright,
His life, his light, his joy.
I used to have so many names,
I can't remember all,
But since that red-faced baby came,
I'm plain Samantha Hall.

New York World.

Give the Kiddies Chance

"Give them a chance for innocent sport,
Give them a chance for fun,
Better a playground plot,
Than a court and jail when the harm is done.
Give them a chance, if you stint them now,
Tomorrow you will have to pay—
A larger bill for a darker ill,
So give them a chance to play."

Good Morning, Jesus

(Contributed)

Good Morning, sweet Jesus, my Saviour,
Good Morning, dear Mary my Queen,
Good Morning, bright Angels, fair sentinels
Of Jesus, Who dwells here unseen.

Dear Lord, I bring Thee red
Roses all wet with the dew of Thy grace,
Every thought, every word, every action,
And my heart I give for their vase.
This offering I make through
Thy holy Mother, whose heart is so sinlessly white,
Whiter than wings of Angels
Who watched and prayed here all night.
One favour, sweet Jesus, I ask of Thee:
Inflame my heart with Thy love,
That so while I toil in this valley, My spirit may dwell
far above.
Anna Didwald

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Good Night, Jesus

(Contributed)

Jesus dear, the long day is o'er,
Now I leave my labors light
And, before I seek my slumbers,
I come to say a sweet "good night."
Would that I might tarry near Thee,
Rest beneath Thy lonely shrine,
Thou wouldst whisper loving secrets,
I would tell Thee all of mine.
But I cannot linger, Jesus,
I must leave Thee for a while,
Now bestow on me a blessing,
And a fond approving smile.
I will leave my heart beside Thee,
It will rest securest there,
And within Thy fond embrace,
It will grow to Thee more dear.
So, good night! once more, my Jesus,
Grant, no matter where I be,
All my day thoughts and night dreams,
Be of Thee, and only Thee. Amen.

Anna Didwald

Good Night, Dear Mother

(Contributed)

Night is falling, dear Mother,
The long day is o'er,
And before thy loved image
I'm kneeling once more
To thank thee for keeping me
Safe through the day,
To ask thee this night
To keep evil away.
Many times have I fallen today, dear Mother,
Many graces neglected since last I knelt here,
Wilt show in thy pity my own dear Mother mild?
Ask Jesus to pardon the sins of thy child.
I am going to rest for the day's work is done,
Its hours and its moments have passed one by one.
And the God that will judge me has counted them all,
He has counted each grace, He has counted each fall.
In this book they are written against the last day.
O Mary, ask Jesus to wash them away.
For one drop of His blood which for sinners was spilt
Is sufficient so cleanse the whole world from its quilt,
And if ere the dawn I should draw my last breath,
Be near me, dear Mother, for Jesus' dear sake,
When my soul on eternity's shore shall awake. Amen.

Anna Didwald.

Realization

The loveliest garden I had when quite small;
And there I played safely behind its high wall.
Then, all unexpected, I learned a thorn's touch.
It bled by poor finger and hurt me so much.
And crossing my pathway, a crawling thing crept.
And, oh, I was frightened, and trembled and wept.
I sought out my mother believing she too
Would cry when she heard that such ugly things grew.
But she listened calmly and said, "Don't mind so.
We must expect them, that's life, you must know.
We can't have Heaven while we're on earth, dear.
The most we can hope for is just a glimpse here."

ETHEL KING, New York City.

Lisbeth (to her tardy brothers): "Hurry on, boys,
Ma is on the table. Pa is haf et, now come eat yours-
selfs."

Puzzles

Are you interested in puzzles, charades, conundrums, and other similar thought provokers? Can any of Our Boys and Girls think out original puzzles, and the like, for publication in THE GRAIL? Get busy during the winter months and see what you can accomplish. We should like to open a column of puzzles, etc., by our own Boys and Girls. Let us hear from you. Who will be the first contributor to this column? Don't copy from other papers, for THE GRAIL goes into many homes that have these other papers also.

Here's a "starter." Who can find the answer?

I am a word of five letters. You will find me on every page of this magazine. Drop the first letter and the remainder is—part of a fence. Drop the second letter, the remainder means—to be afflicted with pain. Drop the third letter, the remainder is—a prefix that means "not." The last letter is the twelfth of the alphabet. What is my name?

What has hands and feet and head,
Is often clad in white and red;
Yet birth or life it never had,
Is never joyful, never sad;
Much liked by girls, by boys despised
No matter ill or well devised?

A Sailing Party

We had a sailing party at our house the other day.
We sailed to funny places, you can do that when it's play.

You see, it was my birthday, and 'twas such a funny fix—

The boys and girls invited, all just numbered twenty-six.
We only had a little time to think about our trips,
And where we'd send them sailing, and how to load their ships.

Amanda went to Africa with Alligator-pears,
And Benny to Bulgaria with Buttercups and Bears.
Camilla chose Colombia with Cats and Currant-Cakes.
Then Donald for the Dardanelles sailed off with Ducks and Drakes.

Wee Eva was for England bent with Elephants and Eyes,
And Fanny fared to Florida with Fancy-work and Flies.
Grace sent her ship to Germany with Gingerbread and Gum,

And Harry hied to Halifax with Honey, Hives and Hum.
To India went Isabel with Ices and with Ills.
John (that was I) to Jericho, with Jumping-Jacks and Jills.

Kate started out to Keokuk with Kangaroos and Kites,
And Lawrence up to Labrador with Lightning-rods and Lights.

May's ship was aimed for Michigan with Money and the Mails,

And Nellie off to Novgorod with Nettles and with Nails.
Olivia to Oporto passed with Obelisks and Owls,
And Peter to Palermo's port with Pumpkins and Pea-fowls.

Tall Queenie went off to Quebec with Quinin and with Quills,

And Ralph was loaded up for Rome with Rattlesnakes and Rills.

Samantha steered for Sandy Hook with Sillibub and Sacks.

Tom followed, bound for Tarrytown, with Turning-lathes and Tacks

Then Una took some Unicorns and Urns to Uruguay.
With Valentines to Venice Victor proudly sailed away.

Wise William went to Washington with Wagons and with Whips.

On the next one mother helped us—'twas the hardest of our trips.

She said Xerxes with "Xcelsior" to Xupa sailed his ships.

Yolande with some Yellow dogs sought Yeddo's port afar,

And Zenas last, with Zebras, finished up at Zanzibar.

Of course my mother helped us some to fit our ships and names,

But even so we thought it was the very best of games.

I. T. McClellan.

Exchange Smiles

Harold's mother was giving a party. She told the little fellow that whenever he passed in front of anyone he must say "Excuse me." Harold made many trips back and forth and got tired of repeating the same phrase over and over so he finally said: "Ladies and gentlemen, please excuse me for the whole evening."

A five-year-old, who had fallen and cut his lip so that it was necessary for the doctor to stitch the wound, after bearing the pain bravely, turned to his mother, who was making much ado over the operation, and said: "Never mind, mama, my moustache will cover it."

Mama had sent little Bessie to the pantry to fetch some sticky fly paper. She was gone a long time, and finally the mother called:

"Bessie, hurry with the fly paper. Have you got it?"

There was a pause, then this in an earnest voice:

"No, mama, the fly paper's got me; but we're both coming!"

The grammar school principal went from room to room explaining what to do in case of fire. The pupils listened with respectful attention until he came to final instructions, then smiles and giggles disturbed the principal's serenity. "Above all things," he said, "if your clothing catches fire, remain cool."

A little girl in Southern California was having her first glimpse of snow.

"Oh, mother, what is it—what is it?" she shouted excitedly.

"Why, that is snow, Peggy. Whatever did you think it was?"

"Snow! Why, it looks like popped rain!"

One day when little Roy was out with his mother, she had hard work to get him past a big dog that was standing on the sidewalk. Reproved for this unnecessary fear, the youngster retorted, "Well, I guess you'd be afraid of dogs, too, if you were as low down as I am."

Three-year-old Janie's mother was called away just as she had settled the baby on a bench.

"Stay here now and watch your little baby brother, Janie," she directed. "I'll be back in a few minutes. He will fall asleep presently."

Before the few minutes were up a resounding roar startled the mother. As she hurried toward the bench Janie came running to meet her.

"Mama," she called excitedly, "he falled all right, but he wasn't asleep."

"Smiles" for this Corner will be greatly appreciated. Every day we hear things which make us smile. Send along your "smiles," and make someone else smile.

"Smile, once in a while;
And when you smile,
Another smiles, and then another;
And soon there's miles and miles and miles
Of smiles,
And all because you smile."

(Contributed by S. M. T.)

Mother—"Doctor, our little daughter is troubled with insomnia."

Mary—"Insomnia nothing, doctor, I don't sleep at night."

Uncle—"Only fools are certain, Tommy; wise men hesitate."

Tommy—"Are you sure, uncle?"

Uncle—"Yes, boy, certain of it."

Question—"How did Martin Luther die?"

Answer—"He was excommunicated by a bull."

Jack, the little son of an extremely religious father, came in from play one day and said, "Sis, my rabbit done died. God called it home."

Pat (on a crowded street in New York): "Do you think the machine will ever take the place of the horse?"

Mike: "I Surely do, if it hits him."

Teacher—"What kind of a verb is a copula?"

Pupil—"Taint no verb a-tall. That's a empty tower."

"Say, teacher," asked the pupil in Civics, "of what religion is Uncle Sam, anyway?"

Question—"Why do we rest on Sunday?"

Answer—"Cause we work so hard on Saturday."

Question—"What is a missionary?"

Answer—"It's a priest that likes niggers."

Two Strange Dreams

While Polly May was fast asleep,
Curled up in grandma's chair,
And dreaming of a lovely doll,
With curly golden hair,
All dressed in white, just like a bride,
With slippers and a fan
And handkerchief, her little foot
Went sound asleep, began
To dream of knives, and needles, too,
And prickly thorns, and strings
Too tight, and pins, and little wasps,
And nettles full of stings.
And so, though Polly May's own dream
Was pleasant as could be,
Her poor, unhappy little foot
Soon woke her up, you see.

Elizabeth L. Gould

Benedictine Chronicle

(Continued from page 340)

in a touching manner before the eyes of even the casu-

al reader. The printing has been done at Subiaco itself where the present contingent of Italian monks continue the work of the printing plant founded by the German monks Scranheim and Parmartz in 1364, when for many decades Subiaco was a center of German thrift, science, and art under Abbot Bartholomew.

—Our Holy Father, Pius XI, Abbas Abbatum of the entire Benedictine Order, has invited all the Oblates of St. Benedict to make a pilgrimage to Rome in 1925. A congress will be held from April 25th to May 3rd at the convent of the Tor de Specchi. There will be a conventual Mass every day followed by meetings for the discussion of topics common to the interests of the oblates. It is hoped that His Eminence, Cardinal Gasquet, O. S. B., and the Abbot Primate of San Anselmo, together with many Benedictine bishops, abbots, abbesses, and priests from all countries will be present. Visits to the Christian antiquities and principal churches of the Roman city will be organized and there will be excursions to Subiaco, Monte Cassino and Caserta, the oldest abbey of the Benedictine Nuns, affiliated to that of Plumbariola, the abbey founded by St. Scholastica five miles from the monastery of Cassino. Plumbariola was destroyed by the Lombards in 580. The chronicler will endeavor to keep his readers informed of further developments in the plans of the general congress of the Oblates of the Order of St. Benedict.

—GERMANY:—Beuron and Maria Laach Abbeys with their influential centers of monasticism, art and liturgy had heretofore published many learned works such as "Vom Geist der Liturgie," by Abbot Ildefons Heurigen, and "Das Gedächtnis des Herrn in der Christlichen Liturgie," and "Die Liturgie als Mysterienfeier," by Dom Odo Casel, O. S. B. The erudite Congregation of Beuron, which has given birth to schools of painting, sculpture, and music, famous in Germany and elsewhere, has by its most recent publications sought to define the real weight and value of Christian Liturgy and to establish the causes and reasons of its influence. In answer to the reproach recently given by the pen of Prof. Schrörs to the mystico-liturgical movement in Germany, the Beuronese monks have been asked to familiarize the Akademiker and Catholic students with liturgy. This will be done by publishing other interesting studies such as the 'Volksverein.' Thanks to Prof. Karl Muth, the director of the review 'Hochland,' and the Countess Wartensleben of Frankfurt, courses have been organized which will facilitate the introduction of liturgy and concentrate the dispersed efforts of Catholic expression in Germany.

Abbey and Seminary

—A meeting of the editors of some of our monthly magazines was held in New York City in November. THE GRAIL was represented by its business manager, Rev. Edward Berheide, O. S. B.

—Adhering to ancient traditions, most of the students left "bright" and early, while darkness still

lingered over the face of the earth, on December 21st for their holiday vacation. Was it traditional too that it should be a rainy morning—and the roads!—how were they? Ask those who had the trip before them. Down the hill, through the town, and across the bridge, all went well. But as the sombre procession, though light of heart, approached the base of Monte Cassino, there was an eight-foot fill on the new road to be passed over. Torrents of rain had turned the soft dirt into a paste with the tenacity of bread dough. A halt was made while the drivers, well—said their prayers, or something similar under breath, as they urged their steeds to go bravely through. This one dreaded spot, a distance of less than two hundred feet, being passed, the remainder of the road was fairly good. At the very start one driver, endeavoring to turn on a rather steep bank, tipped his vehicle over,—the darkness was to blame—spilling a merry "bunch" with no further damage to anyone. Others, who had been literally stuck in the mud, presented a sorry spectacle when they arrived at the ticket office. Some few missed the morning trains.—Well, it shall not be always thus. All things being favorable, the hard-surfacing of our new State Highway, No. 16, will be completed next year, and then, in the words of the Canticle of the three youths in the fiery furnace, we shall call upon the "rain and dew" and mud "to bless the Lord."

—For the festivity of the Nativity of Christ the majority of the Rev. Professors assisted in outside parishes and missions. At home there were just enough left to carry out the sacred ceremonies of the great feast. From the singing of the "angels" about 1:30 a. m., till bedtime at 9 p. m., the whole day was a prolonged "merry" Christmas. Matins, which began at 2 a. m., were brought to a close a little after 3 by the singing of the *Te Deum*, with which that hour of the Office closes. This was followed by the first Solemn High Mass with Father Prior as celebrant. Next came the Solemn Lauds of the Office at which Father Prior likewise officiated. The private Masses were next in order. At 6 a. m. was the singing of Prime and the second Solemn High Mass. At 9 o'clock the procession, preceding the Pontifical High Mass, entered the church. During the vesting of the celebrant at the throne in the sanctuary, the choir sang the canonical hour of Tierce. Then followed the impressive ceremonies of the Mass, which was celebrated by the Rt. Rev. Abbot. Music and ritual seem to vie with each other in filling the heart with joy.—In the Abbey Church was a beautiful crib amidst the rocks. To the rear rise the hills on which Bethlehem stands. The whole, lighted up by miniature bird and flower electric bulbs, is quite in keeping with Christmastide. At Epiphany the Magi with their servants and camels, led by the bright electric star that suddenly shone out in the blue sky over Bethlehem, appeared on schedule time for their annual adoration.

—The clerics of the Abbey likewise have an attractive crib in their study hall. The only expense entailed

by either is for the few small figures that had to be bought. Lively imagination, artistic taste, and ingenuity have called forth the charming scenes depicted.—The few students who remained with us for the holidays also had, in a small Christmas tree, the Christ Child, boxes from home, etc., numerous reminders of the season.

—Two days after Christmas the famous Sistine Choir sang at Evansville, and on the following night at Louisville. Several of our singers, who went to hear the Choir, praised it very highly.

—Up to the beginning of the new year the temperature had been very mild. The mercury then began to drop until January 5th when it registered four or five degrees below zero. The pond froze over and gave the skaters an opportunity to renew their acquaintance with ice under foot.

—Life and spirit returned to the empty halls of college and seminary when our boys and young men returned on January 7th from their short vacation. The return trip, however, had lost some of the fascination and charm of the departure for several reasons, of which one was the solid roadbed that now lay in the grip of winter.—There were only a few vacant places in the ranks when the roll was called in the morning. Some of these vacancies were soon filled again, while several places will remain vacant.

—According to custom, in fulfillment of a vow made many years ago, the student body went on its annual pilgrimage to Monte Cassino and attended a solemn Votive Mass on the Octave of Epiphany. Because of the smallness of the chapel and the large numbers in each department, the students of the Theological Seminary had their Mass about 8 o'clock, while the students of the Preparatory Seminary went up a little later.

—"Borneo," a farce in three acts, and "Dr. Fowler," a comedy in two acts, were presented at St. Joseph's Hall, St. Meinrad, on January 13th and 21st respectively, by the "Abbey Press Club," the young people in the employ of THE GRAIL. We are informed that the entertainment was a grand success.

—Rev. William Schaefer, who is in charge of a parish at Beaver, Kansas, a brother of our Father Thomas, and an alumnus of our College, came early in January for a visit with us.

—The annual retreat for the community and for the students will take place after the mid-year examinations, the first week in February.

—Leo J. Dreckmann, College '23, who went to Rome last autumn to take up his philosophical and theological studies, writes interestingly of his impressions and experiences in the Holy City. The initiation at the American College capped the climax.

Book Notices

The question of vocations—to the religious state and to the priesthood—is very acute in our time. Religious orders of men and of women both need many more subjects. This is especially true of those communities

that teach, nurse the sick, and do other works of charity. There is apparently a dearth of vocations to the priesthood in religious orders as well as in the secular priesthood. "Out of Many Hearts," published by the Brothers of the Holy Cross, at Notre Dame, Ind., will undoubtedly serve as a guide to many who now stand at the crossroads, not knowing which way to turn. This booklet, which sells for ten cents, is a compilation of the sayings of saints and of other holy and learned men. We heartily recommend it to all who are seeking direction.

"From a Rose Jar" is the title of a neat little volume of 61 pages, in which Louise A. Doran has gathered her poems, which have already appeared in some of our standard magazines.

For the Sufferers of the War-stricken Lands

(Continued from page 2 of Cover)

M. Q., \$2; P. V. S., \$5; J. A. V., \$5; Louisiana: A. C. deM., \$5; R. R. M., \$5; A. F., \$2; A. W., \$10; J. M. deM., \$2; Maryland: M. S., \$2; F. S., \$1; G. A. N., \$2; L. S., \$1; E. T. R., \$2; M. K. C., \$1; Massachusetts: M. C., \$1; H. M. C., \$10; E. S., \$1; L. W., \$1; K. D., \$1; J. H., \$1; M. F. C., \$1; C. L., \$1; C. L., \$1; M. G., \$5; J. W., \$10; A. D. F., \$1; M. S., \$2; Michigan: J. T. R., \$5; J. S., \$5; E. J. R., \$5; Mrs. S., \$4; E. M., \$5; E. M. W., \$10; J. D., \$2; M. E., \$2.50; H. C. M., \$1; Missouri: M. H., \$5; M. L., \$2; Minnesota: K. DeG., \$1; M. P., \$2; E. K., \$1; C. Y., \$10; J. S. D., \$2; H. L., \$5; E. R. P., \$1; B. J. S., \$2; M. A. N., \$2; J. J. H., \$1; L. P. R., \$5; P. H. Jr., \$1; G. S., \$3; Montana: F. A., \$96; North Dakota: A. F., \$24; North Carolina: N. D., \$1; New Jersey: C. M., \$1; M. B., \$1; M. S., \$50¢; L. B., \$10; A. H., \$1; A. S., \$10; M. B., \$2; W. V. C., \$50¢; C. M., \$5; H. & K., \$7; M. C. & R. O'N., \$5; M. H., \$60¢; M. V., \$2; P. E., \$1; A. G., \$50¢; New York: M. L., \$10; M. T., \$1; R. D., \$3; J. T., \$2; A. R., \$2; G. P., \$1; N. N., \$5; C. W., \$5; E. C. M., \$2; L. F., \$2; M. C. F., \$5; S. C. M., \$5; Mrs. A., \$2; F. W., \$1; B. B., \$2; E. F., \$2; H. L., \$4; Mrs. K., \$1; J. S., \$6; M. C., \$1; F. H., \$3.55; M. A. K., \$1; G. P., \$2; L. V., \$1; M. F., \$5.10; J. M., \$1; Ohio: C. W., \$3; M. T., \$2; M. E., \$8; N. C. L., \$10; M. T., \$3; Mrs. H., \$2; Mrs. S., \$2; N. N., \$5; A. K., \$2; R. A. B., \$2; A. F., \$1; F. M., \$3; S. R., \$10; G. S., \$2; A. W., \$10; S. G., \$6; M. R., \$1; A. F., \$1; R. H., \$1; J. J., \$2; N. C. T., \$10; E. P., \$2; K. H., \$2; B. J. S., \$2; Pennsylvania: C. B., \$5; M. McC., \$1; W. A., \$3; H. S., \$12; L. M. F., \$5; G. C. B., \$5; J. G. K., \$1; I. A. C., \$5; G. N. M., \$5; P. McG., \$2.50; E. M., \$4; C. S., \$1; C. M., \$5; E. W., \$5; A. W., \$7.50; M. L., \$1; A. H., \$5; D. O'C., \$1; S. Y., \$1; W. A. F., \$2; H. J. B. Jr., \$2.62; N. N., \$10; H. W., \$5; W. F., \$5; P. W., \$5; M. B., \$1; A. S., \$5; Rhode Island: E. C., \$2; C. C., \$2; D. B., \$25¢; Washington: K. R., \$2; West Virginia: M. McN., \$1; Wisconsin: J. H., \$5; M. S., \$1; P. M., \$10; J. B. & D., \$55; B. F., \$50¢; P. E., \$1; Mrs. S., \$1; Mrs. B., \$1; J. B., \$1; G. W., \$25¢; N. N., \$2; D. P., \$2; M. K., \$10; Evansville, F. S., \$4; J. S., \$1; A. F., \$20; St. Meinrad: N. N., \$1.06; N. N., \$2; N. N., \$10; N. N., \$1.20; N. N., \$2; N. N., \$2; N. N., \$30; N. N., \$1; Dale: N. N., \$1; N. Y.: M. W., \$1.

N. B. Money with requests for Masses to be offered up by the impoverished and needy priests of the war-stricken lands will be gladly forwarded gratis. Address all communications to

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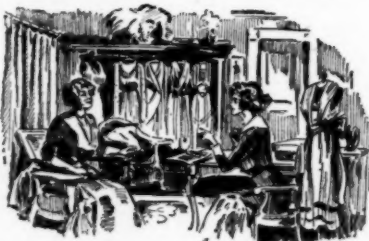
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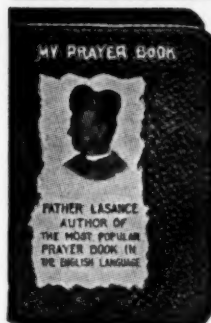
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